WHAT IS THIS WAR ABOUT? by Harry Scherman

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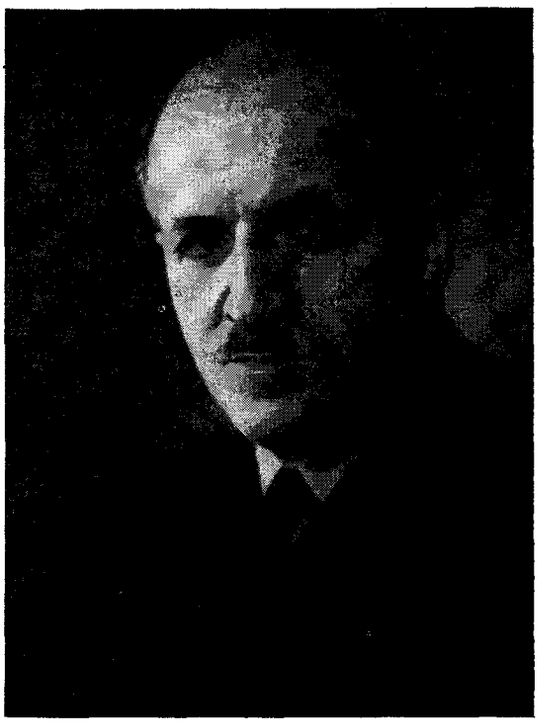
What Is This War About?

BY HARRY SCHERMAN



Martin Vos

Harry Scherman

A NEW conception of the war is spreading in informed circles, directly traceable to a single book written by a German, "The Revolution of Nihilism."

This new interpretation, briefly summarized, is that the present situation in Europe is the result of a deliberate program for world revolution, which unexpectedly to its megalomaniac plotters, turned into war. When Great Britain and France declare that they must see "Hitlerism" destroyed before they can make peace, they mean—although they have not yet framed it that way—that this purpose of world revolution must once for all be abandoned.

This is, plainly, an interpretation of the war utterly different from one that has been widely held in this country from the beginning. The somewhat obscuring word, "imperialism," has so far explained the war sufficiently for many of us. The viewpoint is that essentially this is best appraised as a resumption of the last war. That too was a struggle between two rival and rather vaguely understood "imperialisms." After twenty years the losing side has recuperated and is renewing the old challenge. The underlying economic reasons, it is presumed without questioning, are the same. The attacker is the same, the defenders the same. Therefore, in every essential, it is the same war, merely resumed. To think otherwise is to be taken in by the same poppycock which deceived us twenty years ago.

Herr Rauschning's book constitutes so complete a challenge to this common point of view that every American, for the mere clarification of his ideas, needs to be acquainted with it.

The work, however, is not one which is immediately understandable. American readers of it should have been warned, I think, far more than they have been by the critics and commentators. It was written primarily for a European public, and presupposes familiarity with events and political programs which most Americans know about only superficially. Moreover, the author was clearly so emotionally perturbed that all he thought tumbled forth in a flood.

This impassioned and confused content has to be sifted slowly—more slowly than most people read books—before the genuinely sensational nature of his disclosures become apparent. My advice to anyone who repairs to it—and in conversational self-defense, if for no other reason, many people will—is to begin end first. The last 115 pages, entitled "The Aims of the Revolution in Foreign Policy," contain the most illuminating material for Americans. Thereafter one can turn back to the forepart, and the whole astonishing picture—of the Nazis' mental processes—then stands forth in perspective.

Background of the Book

It is also well to keep in mind a few facts about the author, in judging coolly how much weight to give to such extraordinary testimony as he presents. What is known on this side of the Atlantic about Rauschning?

He is a German in his early fifties, at present living in France. He was formerly president of the Danzig Senate. Responsible German refugees in this country describe him as of the type of philosophizing governmental leader represented by such men as former Chancellor Bruening of Germany, now lecturing at Harvard, and former Premier Benes, of Czecho-Slovakia.

Descended from the German military caste, and an officer in the Great War (when he was wounded), like most of his countrymen he was chiefly preoccupied politically with the iniquity of the Versailles Treaty. Nothing, he was convinced, could go right in Germany, and therefore in Europe, until its unjust terms were corrected. He believed, it appears, in a peaceful pan-Germanism patterned along Bismarck's ideas; a sort of informal economic United States of Europe, in which all were equal as to sovereignty and all were reasonably happy and acquiescent, with Germany simply the natural leader because of its geographic position and its acknowledged industrial supremacy.

With the successes of the Nazi Party in 1933, he became convinced that his own ideals for the future of Germany could be attained through that party. He therefore allied himself with it ardently, and because of his position as the principal personage in Danzig—a crucial point in Europe, as was later proved—he at once became one of the leading figures of the National Socialist Party. He attended many important secret meetings of its coterie of leaders and often dealt personally with Hitler.

Very quickly he became shocked by the excesses of the Nazi leaders in every direction. He concluded, however, that these had to be regarded as the mere exuberance of a youthful revolutionary group. Time and success itself, he believed, would temper this reckless violence of the leaders. It was a fatal misjudgment, he confesses; and it was one made not only by many conservatively-minded Germans like himself, but also by foreign governments, which apparently also believed

Next Week

IN STALIN'S SECRET SERVICE
By W. G. KRIVITSKY
Reviewed by Alexander Kerensky

CANDLE IN THE DARK
By IRWIN EDMAN
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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that the Nazi leaders would become rational.

Since he himself was behind the scenes he was quickly able to judge how futile this hope of change was. Soon all his instincts rebelled at what was personally required of him as a leader of the Party, and he resigned from it. This was in 1934. Since then, outside of Germany, he has watched, horrified, as his own deepest forebodings about his land and people have one by one been verified. Finally, he wrote this book.

Two facts about it are well kept in mind as one reads it. First, that it was written more than a year before the war; this is particularly pertinent in judging how much weight to give Rauschning's testimony, since many of his most important predictions coincide so remarkably with later events. Second, that (although it is called in a sub-title "A Warning to the West") it was primarily written as a warning to his own countrymen. It was plainly the impassioned attempt of a patriot to awake Germans to a realization of what was going on amongst them. Of course, in this respect it has been wholly futile; it has not been published in Germany, and certainly will not be for many a year. Mere ownership of it within German boundaries would unquestionably now mean death.

"Tomorrow We Own the World"

The main burden of Rauschning's testimony, as stated above, is that the Nazi leaders, having successfully gained control over eighty million Germans, are consciously embarked on a world revolution. The objective is a "total re-ordering and redistribution of the world." For this purpose "the sacrifice of the lives of another two million young men may yet again become justifiable—so the Führer has declared." The purpose is summed up in stark popular fashion in the lines of a song of the marching Hitler Youth: "Today we own Germany, Tomorrow *all the world.*"

Hermann Rauschning

The immediate temptation is to regard this as nonsense of excited boys: it is the one thing Herr Rauschning warns most urgently against. The National Socialist leaders mean business. The chief reason for their internal success, he demonstrates, was this very notion among their political opponents that they did not mean business. Moreover, they are past-masters in this business of revolution. The forepart of the book is devoted largely to a demonstration of how much they know about the details of carrying forward revolution.

What could impel the responsible leaders of eighty million people to such an apparently fantastic adventure as "world revolution"? They are driven by a sense of mission. "The essence of the German mission today," Herr Rauschning says, "is the consciousness of being the chosen people with a permanent and universal task." What is this task? "The new German will to world hegemony is the definite resolve to transform the world order under German leadership."

Precisely what "transforming the world order" would involve, in the sense of attempted economic change, is not certain; but *forcible governmental domination* of the rest of the world by Germany is crystal-clear as part of the program.

To any ordinary person this sense of national mission is itself incomprehensible. Herr Rauschning provides the key. It arises from the deep belief of the Nazis, which seemingly they share with some economic astrologers nearer home, that the British Empire is in the midst of a great decline and fall, like that of Rome.

"Scarcely any other opinion," he writes, "is given currency by the National Socialists with such diligence as their belief in the doom of the British Empire." This is not something to come; the dissolution, they believe, is in full process.

The granting of full independence to the British Dominions in 1931 was not, in the Nazi view, the recognition of the freedom of rising new peoples, and the welding of them into a British world confederation; it is to be explained rather as abdication, the unnerved dropping of a scepter by a ruler. The passionate pacifism of the English, resulting in what later proved a highly dangerous voluntary disarmament until 1937, was taken as another unmistakable symptom that as world rulers they are now decadent. Their devious diplomatic maneuvers of the past six years were not appraised as a manifest effort to maintain world peace by mistaken concessions to totalitarians, whose purposes were rather stupidly never comprehended by the British. This was instead regarded as the crowning corroboration of the theory that Britain, as an empire, was on the toboggan, and that presumably its leaders knew it.

France, too [Herr Rauschning reports, as part of this Nazi mental picture] is a dying nation, both physically and politically. . . . A nation with no purpose and therefore of no importance . . . a nation of petty bourgeois [she] would be much too clear-headed to fail to see the uselessness of a renewed struggle with Germany.

The King Is Dead! Long Live the King!

The British were abdicating as world rulers, the French were dying as a people: this is the fundamental belief explaining the sense of mission of the Nazi leaders. Presumably, in their political philosophy, there had to be a world ruler. They are the elect for this now empty throne. They are elect by mere reason of the fact that they intend to be. They are driven by the proper amount of what they call "dynamism." "There is a right to brutality," they say, in those who are dedicated to the rule of all the world.

This fevered mental state—it will be observed—rests on the sort of hasty historical analogies which can often be found among those who know mere scraps of history. Herr Rauschning sums up the state of mind this way:

> National Socialist leaders in high places declare that this is one of those periods that come only at intervals of centuries, a period of revolutionary change in the world, in which amid the general insecurity, every resolute stroke has good prospects of success. It is a period of a modern type of buccaneer and filibuster.

In other words, it is an era like that of which the great Alexander took advantage; like that decay of Greece and the East which preceded Rome; like the weakness of the Spaniards, whose dominions Britain ruthlessly raided. It is a period of break-up and readjustment. Accordingly, the idea of the Nazi elite is to proceed audaciously and brutally with the break-up, and end up by being the governing people of the world.

A corollary, of course, to this presumption of the decadence of Britain and France is that every small European state was in the same status.

> The small Powers [reports Herr Rauschning, as to the Nazi belief in this direction] no longer have sufficient forces to defend their possessions. Still less can they defend them morally . . . their insistence on rights is so thin and feeble an argument that it illustrates the entire hollowness of the existing world order. Powers which are no longer capable of continual-

(*Continued on page* 13)

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Old China and New

MOMENT IN PEKING. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1939. 813 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THE quintessence of Chinese life: such is "Moment in Peking." Those who turn its leisurely pages see following, one on the next, vivid vignettes of the Central State and its people; vignettes which are not merely vivid, but authentic as well. The style too is Chinese. Many passages read as though they lay between the soft covers of the famous novels "Hung Lou Mêng"—"Dream of the Red Chamber"—or "Chin Ping Mei," recently published in translation under the title, "Golden Lotus."

"Moment in Peking," in three books, opens in 1900 during the troubled years of the Boxer uprising. The Yao family flee from the capital to Hangchow, their city of origin, south of the Great River. Little Mulan, a daughter aged ten, is separated from her parents and falls into the hands of kidnappers. She is, however, quickly rescued by members of the Tseng Clan and from that moment the two families, already known to one another, are closely allied. Technically perhaps Mulan is the heroine of the tale; in actuality, as in Chinese life, the individual is absorbed by the clan. The family, with all its ramifications —grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, maid servants, men servants—dominates the scene.

Fortunately the author gives a careful list of his characters, indicating their relationship to one another, and adds a useful note explaining the complicated, important forms of address. Almost every type to be found in the Chinese social structure appears on the stage as the drama is played. In addition to many minor characters, we have the virgin widow, the dissolute son, the unscrupulous concubine, the despairing suicide, the ambitious wife, the easy-going husband whom she pushes into official life, the indulgent mother, the over-severe father, the highly intelligent maiden, and the brilliant, t h o u g h poverty-stricken young scholar. It is interesting to find these types as persistent, although with variations, in the new China as they were in the old. The swing from old to new is skillfully shown with keen realization that, albeit young China has modern ideals, these are rooted in its age-old past. Most interesting is the position of woman as revealed throughout the story; her power for good, and for evil, is probably greater in China than in any other land.

Women's "power for good, and for evil, is probably greater in China than in any other land." (From the jacket design of "Moment in Peking.")

Lin Yutang, the author of "My Country and My People," is primarily an essayist. If his characters, individually, have not the magic breath of life, if he has not added to the world of fiction an O-lan, a Colonel Newcome, or a Scarlett O'Hara, nevertheless his detailed description creates an atmosphere amazingly. His readers will come to know the peaceful charm of a Chinese house; they will, in imagination, attend each successive step of a marriage between a wealthy bride and groom. They will learn precisely what gifts should be sent on diverse occasions; and they will comprehend exactly how a Western film affects an "old Chinese" audience. The delightful description of Peking will make them long to live there—as so many Westerners do, unless the soft, green charms of Hangchow convince them that the South is a better habitat.

As the years pass old China recedes, and the events which led to the present situation begin to unfold. Dr. Lin gives, on page 740, a succinct list of the seven steps which, since 1932, have brought about contemporary events, a list most helpful to any student of Far Eastern affairs. Naturally Mulan, her contemporaries, and the younger generation, are drawn into the whirlpool of war. As the book opens with Mulan's flight from the Boxers, so it closes with her flight from the Japanese—the magnificent closing passage begins:

> She had a sense of her nation such as she had never had so vividly before, of a people united by a common loyalty and, though fleeing from a common enemy, still a people whose patience and strength were like the ten-thousand-li Great Wall, and as enduring.

Florence Ayscough has lived for many years in China.

Little Mammals of Tropical America

CARIBBEAN TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 292 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

TO the many who enjoyed Ivan Sanderson's account of his adventures among the small wild animals of Africa in "Animal Treasure," the publication of "Caribbean Treasure" will be good news. It is a counterpart of the earlier volume, with the scene now shifting to tropical America.

The intense interest with which both these volumes hold the reader is not sufficiently explained by saying merely that Sanderson is a sensitive and experienced observer who happens also to be highly articulate. He is all of that, and he can be thoroughly amusing in the bargain. But these are qualities that, if uncommon, are at least not unique among naturalists—and his account of nature does stand apart from others of its kind. A paradoxical clue to this singularity may be found in Sanderson's own statement that his "eyesight is vile, amounting almost to semi-blindness in one eye." Sherlock Holmes could probably have told as much solely on the indirect evidence of the texts. For Sanderson describes nature from the point of view of one whose attention is focussed on the near and small, undistracted by what is large and distant. He does not see the hawk circling overhead, nor the shape of trees on the horizon. Little that he describes, in fact, could not be held in the hand. But of this necessity he makes a virtue. It is quite evident that he is understating the case when he says that his limitation "has probably resulted in rather acute senses of hearing and smell. I like to smell and listen to things, especially in the bush." He also likes to examine nature at his finger-tips, and his short-range visual appreciation is all the keener for being myopic.

It is a new world of nature that lies revealed here. Other naturalists, from Bates to Beebe, have written popular accounts of wild-life in the American tropics; but they have generally been most impressed by the great cats and peccaries, the brilliant Morpho butterflies, the exotic birds. Sanderson, in his explorations, must frequently have passed under the very trees in which those most spectacular creations, toucans, were perched; yet there is not one mention of a toucan in the whole volume. Scarlet macaws are mentioned cursorily, without interest. Cats and peccaries occur unimportantly. But rats, opossums, scorpi-

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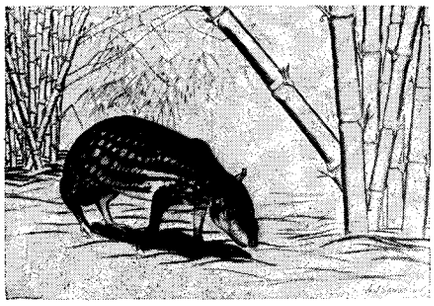

Paca in bamboo-brake

ons, agoutis, toads, and a host of creatures that have attracted so little popular attention that they have no popular names, are described with what can only be termed loving care. By a simple adjustment of perspective, this small game suddenly becomes big game —and there you have your new world!

The particular locales covered in the narrative do not matter, for the treasure contained by a hollow log is much the same whether it be in Honduras or the Guianas. Actually, the collecting trips of which this volume is an account grew out of a honeymoon in the West Indies. The holiday soon turned into a working vacation that took the Sandersons to Trinidad, Haiti, and finally Surinam.

The lay reviewer of any sequel to "Animal Treasure" is confronted by one embarrassing circumstance. The first volume, though enthusiastically received by the public at large, was vigorously denounced for its errors and exaggerations by the few zoölogists competent to pass on its scientific content. This reviewer had himself noted a few such objections: for example, trees that reached a height in round figures quite surpassing belief. Consequently, he read this new volume suspiciously, ready to pounce at the slightest sign of fiction. But he found the trees diminished to their true dimensions, and wherever the description of wild-life could be viewed in the light of his own experience or checked against the accounts of others, it proved unexceptionable. It is possible that a reviewer, properly qualified, might find the products of excess enthusiasm here to justify the distrust with which some scientists view all popular works in their fields, but the writing is candid and, for one who has lived in the habitats described, the material has the ring of truth.

It remains to mention the thirty-two pencil-drawings by the author that illustrate his text. They have the same quality of rendering the jewelry, rather than the scenery, of nature that characterizes the verbal descriptions. They portray, for the most part, those typical little Sanderson mammals that, viewed through his sensitive vision, have all the lovable and sad-eyed beauty of small creatures making their way in a very big world.

The Rubinsteins

FREE ARTIST: THE STORY OF ANTON AND NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. New York: Random House. 1939. 412 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT F. PEYSER

THIS is a most admirable book, possibly the best biographical work on Rubinstein in the English language. That the composer has long been a dead issue does not make it the less welcome. It is a worthy successor to its author's life of Tschaikowsky, "Beloved Friend," in some respects perhaps even superior. Catherine Drinker Bowen has written here with the same unflagging brightness and buoyancy, the same exuberance, the same vivacity. To begin the volume is to finish it. Not a page ever falters or lets down.

"Free Artist—the Story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein" touches only lightly on Rubinstein's music as such. Analysis and criticism are not its aim. This is just as well, for apart from a handful of songs and still popular and effective piano compositions the prodigious quantities of music which Anton turned out (Nicholas exercised only casually what creative gifts he possessed) are as dead as mutton—or as Carl Goldmark, Volkmann, Raff, Moszkowski. Shortly before his death he made a half-hearted attempt to write his memoirs, gave it up, and declared he could tell the story of his life in the words: "Ich habe gelebt, geliebt, and gespielt." Significantly, he did not add "komponiert," though he yearned to go down in history as a composer and manufactured among other things nineteen operas, which were to sweep Wagner off the stage. Yet bitter experience taught him to harbor few illusions on that score. "When I am gone," he said, "all I care men shall remember me by is my Conservatory—that they should say it was Anton Rubinstein's work." Actually, men remember Anton Rubinstein for the mighty legend of his colossal piano playing. Those still among us who heard it stoutly maintain that our age does not even remotely know the like of such a cyclonic passion, such a leonine manner, and a piano tone so marvelously singing (not in vain did Anton in his youth listen to Rubini at the Paris Opéra) and miraculously sustained that Rubinstein's American audiences in the seventies used, after a recital, to examine the instrument to see if pipes were not concealed in its mechanism.

Both Anton and his younger brother lived lives extraordinarily rich and full, the sumptuous tapestry of which almost visually unfolds itself through the graceful and enamoring pages of Catherine Drinker Bowen's book. Nicholas, the devoted friend of Peter Tschaikowsky, adored Moscow and spent most of his life there. Lovable, charming, boundlessly sociable he was, on the other hand, an incorruptible artist and musician. Anton frankly called him the greater pianist of the two. Women lost their heads over him and at least one committed suicide on his account (in one of his concerts, at that!). When Anton married, Nicholas, who did not particularly approve of the match, "was so gay that he nearly ruined the wedding." Yet behind all this blitheness the artist in the man's soul never wavered or compromised. "Je ne perdrai pas l'habitude du piano, n'est-ce-pas, Docteur?" he anxiously asked as he lay dying in Paris of tubercular enteritis.

Anton Rubinstein used to complain that the pianists called him a composer and the composers a pianist, the Jews a Christian and the Christians a Jew, the classicists a romantic, the romantics a classicist, the Germans a Russian and the Russians a German. Be that as it may, Russia owes the Rubinstein brothers a lasting debt if for no more than their educational and cultural contributions to the musical life of the country. This year is the centenary of Anton's debut as a piano-playing wonder child. However much or little the Russians may do to celebrate the anniversary, America, with Catherine Drinker Bowen's book, will have made a handsome gesture of observance.

Herbert F. Peyser is foreign musical correspondent of The New York Times.

Nicholas and Anton Rubinstein: "Both . . . lived lives extraordinarily rich and full."

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The Permanent Nation

THE LIVING TRADITION. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 454 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE frontier is gone and the United States is in a bad way. Americans have become standardized little individuals who think alike, dress alike, and act alike. The automobile has changed the United States and its people profoundly—and in most ways to the detriment of the people.

These and similar statements have become very familiar in the last decade. They have been offered by editors and preachers and politicians; in the main with overtones of alarm. But all too rarely has their validity been examined. This, Simeon Strunsky now does in a unique, important, and fascinating book. "The Living Tradition" is a difficult book to classify. It is not history. It is not simply an economic or a political history. "Constructive skepticism" might be a fairly accurate way to describe its tone.

Mr. Strunsky defines his book as "an informal review of certain main aspects of American life in the nation's sesquicentennial season . . . in this age of transition. It differs from most books on the subject of a changing America in that it is not primarily concerned with the things that have changed or are in the process of changing but with the things that have remained the same through the years. Its theme would be the permanent nation."

This does not mean that the author denies change. An illuminating chapter in "The Living Tradition" relates, for example, to the automobile. Mr. Strunsky observes that the automobile has profoundly affected "the entire balance of our economic life." Yet he adds that it merely "embodies a vigorous restatement of basic national principles," that it is an "affirmation of the old America." In short, the motorized age is a more democratic age.

> What the horse in all history has done for the upper classes the automobile today does for the ordinary man. It transforms the clodhopper into a cavalier. It gives him command over time and space.

Although his book is not a lengthy one, Mr. Strunsky has turned an inquiring, kindly, and intelligent eye on most of the major aspects of life. The dust bowl, the frontier, the status of women and children, the national health, housing, industry, the farm, the cities, and the country areas—to all these he gives attention. Throughout the volume are statistical analyses in support of the author's viewpoint. It would be an overstatement to say that he proves all of his cases. "The Living Tradition" will surely provoke violent disagreement. Many a newspaper publisher will challenge Mr. Strunsky's description of the proper functions of the press. Many a Republican—as well as many a Southern Democrat—will take issue with his declaration that the major policies of the New Deal are in no sense revolutionary.

We are a lawless people. We experiment too much. Our critical standards are often low. These and many other defects are freely admitted. But the lawlessness is primarily due to "the speed of life." It is not, Mr. Strunsky shows, "callousness to human life itself, because we give much time and thought and vast sums of money to health activities of all kinds. . . . " From the pages of "The Living Tradition" emerges the composite portrait of an American who is often puzzled, who fails to think things through. But he is a kindly fellow who wishes well for his fellow-man.

The United States, Mr. Strunsky concludes, is "The Middle Nation." Here, extremes between wealth and poverty are less great. Here, opportunity is greater. But it is not true that Americans are standardized pygmies. Mr. Strunsky sees, beneath all the change and the confusion and the uproar, the emergence of an American character.

Henry F. Pringle is the author of "The Life and Letters of William H. Taft," recently published.

No Epitaph for Spain

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR. By Constancia de la Mora. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 433 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THERE are distances that can be measured in neither space nor time. Constancia de la Mora has traveled as far as any person of her generation, and crossed as wide a gulf as any. She was born the granddaughter of Don Antonio Maura, many times prime minister and "savior" of conservative Spain; she became the wife of Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros, commander of the Spanish Republican Air Force which faced the Franco revolt and the Italian-German invasion, and at her husband's side she labored valiantly at all tasks she could find, finally performing heroically and with complete efficiency as head of the government's Foreign Press Bureau. From the stale austerities of an aristocratic convent school in old Madrid to the faiths and ardors of the communist-muscled Popular Front,—that was her journey. And this book is its record.

Eric Schaal

Constancia de la Mora

It is a moving social and political record, made all the more moving by the pith and marrow of a warm, emotional, affecting personal history. It is really two love stories in one: that of a man and a woman in love with each other; and that of a man and a woman, symbolizing countless kindred others, in love with a cause. The second overshadows and absorbs the first, but the first intensifies and gives definition to the second.

The Spain to which the record introduces us is the Spain of Alphonso, sacrosanct grandees, absentee landlords, octopus church, and an aristocracy rejuvenated or newly created by war profits and industrial expansion. It carries us through the first Republic, timid, legalistic, ineffectual; through the black months of reaction and repression; through the triumph of the Popular Front, into the years those years of alternating victory and defeat, down to the last stands at Barcelona and Figueras, and the final betrayal of Madrid.

We move with the times, seeing them through the eyes of a woman who moved with the times herself, at first perhaps not entirely conscious of their direction, but later standing near the helm, sure of the course, helping to keep that course true, battling to win port. Is is an extraordinary book, a fascinating autobiography, of which every page is precious. Well-written and well-proportioned as it is, one can wish that its pages were twice as many. Like all books that deal with its subject and share its point of view, it is heart-breaking reading for the would-be believer in democracy who must face the fact that Republican Spain was defeated not at Toledo or Madrid, not even in Berlin and Rome—but in London, in Paris, and in Washington. Franco's firing squads are still busy now. Constancia de la Mora's people are against the wall or in exile. But it is not yet time to write their epitaph.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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F. E. Sillanpää

(Nobel Prize Winner, 1939)

THE Swedish Academy has awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1939 to the Finnish novelist and short-story writer, Frans Eemil Sillanpää. In Scandinavia the award will cause no surprise. To many critics, especially in Sweden, it has seemed long overdue. Sillanpää's name has been proposed annually for the prize for the past seven or eight years. But perhaps the Norns do know their job after all. Perhaps the weird sisters, foreseeing the course of events, put Sillanpää a little farther down on the list so that this most coveted of literary honors might come from Sweden to Finland for the first time at a critical moment in the latter's history.

Finland is a bi-lingual country with a small minority speaking Swedish. Sillanpää speaks both languages, but he writes only in Finnish. To be read in Sweden he must be translated, for Finnish is not a Scandinavian, indeed, not even an Indo-European language, but a member of the Finno-Ugrian family to which Magyar and Esthonian also belong. A true nationalist in the best sense of the word, Sillanpää has always opposed the narrow chauvinism that seeks to oust the Swedish language from Finland.

F. E. Sillanpää

Frans Eemil Sillanpää was born in 1888 in Tavastkyrö, not far from the city of Tampere in Southwestern Finland. His parents were peasants and very poor. He was clever at school, but it was no small sacrifice for his father to send him. His schoolmates helped him to matriculate and he borrowed money to go to the University in Helsingfors, where he devoted himself mainly to chemistry and zoölogy. After two years he gave it up and came home—because the money-lenders were impatient, he says himself; because he was dissatisfied with the new life in the city and felt an instinctive need to return to his roots, the Finnish critic Vaaskivi suggests.

Whatever the reason, the perpetual undergraduate, as he still calls himself, came home, and on one of those romantic Finnish summer evenings he met Sigrid. "She was a housemaid and was very good-looking in those days," he says. "When she came in with the coffee tray, I fell in love at first sight! Then there was dancing and there was moonlight. And the girl said 'yes' . . . We lived in straitened but idyllic circumstances. Before she was twenty-nine we had six children. Sigrid's father was a cut above mine. He was a crofter, while mine was a peasant of the poorest class. As a result she always had a certain advantage over me. There was only a mile between our cabins. Love of the home parish has always united us, just the very first subtle shades of meaning in the language form an irresistible bond."

Sillanpää now turned seriously to writing. He began with short stories—he had, to be sure, made a proud contribution to the local paper at the age of twelve—and in 1916 published his first novel, "Elämä ja Aurinko" (Life and Sun), not one of his best but a clear indication of a new and significant voice in Finnish literature.

Two of Sillanpää's novels have been translated into English by Alexander Matson: "The Maid Silja," published by Macmillan in 1933, and "Meek Heritage," published by Knopf in 1938. "Meek Heritage" is his second novel and its publication in 1919 revealed for the first time his real stature and within a few years brought him European fame. It is the story of a feeble-minded Finnish farm laborer of old but decayed peasant stock, who after a life of drudgery and poverty is drawn into the Civil War on the side of the Reds; he is shot by the Whites without ever having more than the vaguest notion of the issues involved. It is no theme for a tyro, and in its treatment Sillanpää shows himself a master of his art. With irony and pity and entirely without sentimentality he tells the tragic tale of this futile life and at the same time paints a vivid picture of the history of Finland.

During the next ten years Sillanpää published four volumes of short stories, most of them dealing with the beautiful Finnish countryside and the poverty-stricken peasantry from which he came. In 1931 his third novel, "The Maid Silja," appeared. Althought different in mood and treatment, it offers certain parallels with "Meek Heritage." It combines the stark realism of the latter with the lyric power manifested in his first novel. The theme of cosmic events as they influence or destroy innocent lives is frequent in Sillanpää.

"The Maid Silja" was followed by "Miehen Tie" (A Man's Way) in 1932 and "Ihmiset Suviyössä" (Mankind in the Summer Night) in 1934. These have not yet been issued in English translation. The latter, which is one of his most popular novels in Sweden, he calls an "epic suite" and like "Silja" it shows the profound influence of music on Sillanpää's style and form. It is a strange symphony of birth, love, and death, of murder and adultery, against the shimmering background of the white Finnish night. At least three volumes of short stories have appeared since this book, and Sillanpää is still in his early fifties. Let us hope that we shall not have long to wait for further translations.

J. B. C. WATKINS.

Mr. Watkins is Director of Students and former librarian of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Clarence and His Father

"LIFE WITH FATHER," the play based upon Clarence Day's book of that name, and upon other books of his, notably "God and My Father," has been enthusiastically reviewed by the dramatic critics, and is here for a long stay, with the movies to follow; yet I wish the enthusiastic critics had not so often spoken of it as a noble piece of Americana. The play is all that, but it will be unfortunate if playgoers think of it as just a mellow period piece. Like the books that preceded it, "Life with Father" recaptured entirely that rare art which flourished so magnificently in the English and American nineteenth centuries, the art of character and personality portrayal. There is no more fully realized and rounded personality in Dickens than Father or than Mother, now given to our American scene.

And yet, everyone should realize that this play and those books could never have been written in the nineteenth century. The art is much the same, but the humor is very different, and the underlying philosophy still more different. Clarence Day was a realist, who knew very well how thoroughly Father and his friends were deluding themselves in thinking that the world of successful business in which they lived was a solid structure reaching down to practical reality, and built by them to endure forever. The

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reason that Father, in the home, is always defeated by Mother is obvious; in the home, his eminently respectable philosophy of rugged individualism, with the profit motive sacred (presumably) even to God, touches human nature and goes up with an explosion. Not that Mother was a satiric modern! She was simply human reality itself, operating by instinct. The realist was Clarence, who loved them both, and loved them most when they were surest that the conventions they lived by were the Facts of Life.

The authors of the play, Mr. Crouse and Mr. Lindsey, deserve great praise for the skill with which they have turned narrative essays into drama without loss of flavor and with, if possible, a heightening of interest. But credit also should go to the producers, among whom Mrs. Clarence Day must deserve a special hand, for a subtle and perceptive piece of stagecraft. They have realized that "Life with Father" is really a two-generation play, in which we see a family of a past age through the eyes of the second generation. What is more to the point, we see Father through the eyes of a son who is his father over again with the addition of a penetrating and tolerant humor, and the point of view of a century escaped from complacency and deprived of easy confidence.

Those who knew Clarence Day, Jr., well, and I am proud to number myself among them, must have noted with what patient skill Mr. Lindsey, as Father, had been helped to take on the very accent and personality in speech of Clarence himself—the real Clarence. When he said "damn!" it was Clarence speaking. When he exploded from one mood to another, it was Clarence himself in one of his quick transitions. For in a very real sense, the actual father and son were chips from different sides of the same block, sharing the same essential substance and unmistakable in human likeness. One was nineteenth century, one was twentieth. One was sap wood, one was knot wood of a far more complicated texture, yet (to drop the figure) the book and the play could never have been so good if the son's imagination had not been at home in his father's choleric and positive mind, and loved it none the less because he could see it from the outside as well as from within.

Thus the audience at "Life with Father," thanks to the intuitive skill of directors and actor, are seeing and hearing Clarence Day, Jr., himself, one of the choice spirits of our time, acting the part of the father from whom he got his temperament, though not his philosophy nor his humor nor the range of his mind.

H. S. C.

Letters to the Editor

DeVoto on Ellis

SIR:—I should like to express my wholehearted appreciation for the article of Bernard DeVoto on Havelock Ellis.

I feel that the article not only elucidates the essential conflicts in the personality of Havelock Ellis, but also gives a real understanding as to his historical background.

KAREN HORNEY, M.D.

New York City.

SIR:—I think Mr. DeVoto's review [of Havelock Ellis's autobiography] shows a deep psychological insight, and I concur in his views and envy his beautiful way of saying what it is rather sad to have to record.

KARL MENNIGER, M.D.

New York City.

"Four Part Setting"

SIR:—This is the indignant wail of an Ann Bridge fan. "Four Part Setting" might be sub-titled "or, Kathleen Norris in China." How *could* she write so well, and then go all wrong on us? It doesn't fit. Its a non-sequitur. I feel as if an old friend had pulled a chair out from under me, and at an embassy dinner, at that.

More in sorrow, etc.

L. WILLIAMS.

Boston, Mass.

Footnote on Zane Grey

SIR:—A pendant to the admirable observations of Mr. Rascoe on Zane Grey. One thing that gave Grey his immense public was certainly his felicity in the selection of titles. "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Lone Star Ranger,". "Under the Tonto Rim"—a customer who bought one of those knew what he was getting; and if it was what he liked he came back for more. This candor was in refreshing contrast to the trend of recent years in other fields, notably biography; in which you might lay down your money for a book called "Tormented Cockatoo" and discover that what you had got was a life of that deservedly forgotten stateman, Congressman John W. Zilch.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

"The Touch of the Master's Hand"

SIR:—I believe I can serve Lilian Gaskell, who in the issue of Nov. 11th asked for the words of the poem "The Old Violin."

The correct wording of the selection is "The Touch of the Master's Hand," and the complete poem, too long for quotation here, may be found on page 222 of "The Best Loved Poems of the American People" by Hazel Felleman.

OSWALD SCHLOCKOW.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

What They Read in 1914

SIR:—That was an excellent article of Burton Rascoe's in the September 25th *SRL*, but in a short factual essay minor errors become major. E.G.: Lucretius was not a Greek; W. V. Moody's middle name was Vaughn, not Vaughan; and Stephen Crane was born in New Jersey, reared in New York, and was never at any time associated with the Chicago or middle western literary group.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

"I suppose it doesn't matter. I'll have to hide them either from the children or my husband."

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The Antimacassar Age

VICTORIA ROYAL. By Rita Wellman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 334 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"LOTS of taste, and all of it bad" is a stock complaint against the Victorian age. There is no question about that superfluity; Miss Wellman sums it up prettily in her sentence, "If a Japanese fan were artistic, then a Japanese fan in a room would make the room artistic, while ten Japanese fans would make it ten times as artistic." We are not so sure as we were that all the taste was bad; and I wish Miss Wellman had come out more definitely as a defender of much in Victorian taste. She does indulge in one or two sly and shy hits at the superiority of us moderns; but her impulse is weakened by her saddened suspicion that Victorian taste was at its worst in America.

Hers is a lovely book. Its eighty-odd illustrations alone make it treasurable, whether they are of what-nots, ottomans, chandeliers, the can-can, or of loose-limbed pioneers in the Saratoga Special, or of the young Oscar Wilde drooping between two formidably unesthetized American hostesses. "Victoria Royal" displays and discusses the Fashion, in England, in France, and in America, with especial reference to its exuberant burgeoning and boasting in the great Exhibitions which began with the Albertine-Paxton Crystal Palace in the Hyde Park of 1851 The book itself, whether of conscious purpose or not I am uncertain, is something of a Victorian interior—crammed, uncomposed, full of treasures, and with an occasional lapse in knowledge. It would have been a better, if less entertaining, book had Miss Wellman been able to control her interest. The long excursions on William Morris in England can be defended: but it is hard to see the relevance, except as illustrations, of the pages on Balzac. I should have expected here rather a study of the Goncourt brothers, and their pioneer work in popularizing Japanese art. Also it would have helped to give unity to the growth of the similar movements in the three countries, had Miss Wellman remembered the influence of Poe on France, Poe translated by Baudelaire and Mallarmé, and illustrated by Manet; while the last encomiast of Dandyism in the Victorian age, Barbey d'Aurévilly, deserved a word for his essay on Beau Brummell.

On the whole Miss Wellman is very good in exhibiting the contrast between English, French, and American taste in her period; but there are two serious omissions. A British visitor to America is immediately struck by the extremely old-fashioned Victorian interiors of most American churches; in England modern taste, largely owing to Morris's influence, invaded the churches before it reached the theater, and other strongholds of conservatism. Here the churches are almost unaffected. And there is no chapter on Plumbing, only a few casual references. A Briton—I dare not hint at a Frenchman's reaction—is amazed both at the astounding richness of plumbing in private houses and hotels, and aghast at the apparently complete absence of any public provision for, shall I say? human weakness.

As I read this delightful book, I was chiefly struck by the courage, the aggressive sense of right which inspired these ancestors of ours. They admired ingenuity however misdirected, richness of effect however overopulent, exuberance however vulgar. And they told their neighbors about it all. They were conventional no doubt, many of them; but they were immensely sure of themselves. Their rooms might have been dark by day, with excess of fantastic possessions; but how they blazed at night! And how full of light were their pubs, cafés, and saloons. Not for them the dim, subdued, anxious half-illumination of cocktail rooms where drinking seems either a vice or a grey ceremonial. The great exhibitions of London, of Paris, of New York, of Philadelphia, here described and with loving and lavish detail, were more than commercial shows: they were national declarations that man was now master of an awkward world, and that common men and women should share in that mastery.

A discussion into the economic and political reasons for the destruction of that confidence would have, no doubt, taken Miss Wellman too far afield. Those of us who find in the Victorian age much to admire have at least this justification—that the doom was foretold by the great Victorian prophets, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Thoreau. But the middle-class Victorians just added them to the furniture, to sit in cosy discomfort with the *pouf,* the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Venus de Milo.

R. Ellis Roberts was formerly literary editor of The New Statesman *and* Time and Tide.

No Harvest Ripening

BY ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

COME quickly, winter, for the heart belies
The truth of these warm days. These August skies
Are all too fair to suit the times—so kind
That almost they persuade the treacherous mind
It still is summer and the world the same.
These gaudy colors on the hills aflame
Are out of keeping with the nun's attire
We wear within—of ashes, not of fire.

Season of ripening fruit and seeds, depart.
There is no harvest ripening in the heart.

Oh bring the frost that strikes the dahlias down
In one cruel night. The blackened buds, the brown
And wilted heads, the crippled stems, we crave—
All beauty withered, crumbling to the grave.
Strip off the leaves, oh Wind, and harden, Ground,
Till in your frozen crust no break be found.

Then only, when man's inner world is one
With barren earth and branches bared to bone,—
Then only can the heart begin to know
The seeds of hope asleep beneath the snow;
Then only can the chastened spirit tap
The hidden faith still pulsing in the sap.

Only with winter-patience can we bring
The deep-desired, long awaited spring.

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A Generation of the American Theater

THE AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918. By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Random House. 1939. 325 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH J. R. ISAACS

IF you did not know that Joseph Wood Krutch was one of the most thoughtful and literary of American dramatic critics, you could easily infer as much from the arrangement of the chapters in his "Informal History" of twenty of America's most abundant theater years. No historian of the drama can make a free selection of his material. After the theater itself has made a first choice by the dramas it produces, the audience forces upon the historian a second selection by the suffrage of the box-office, for no dramatic history would have authority that dealt mainly with unsuccessful plays, whatever their value. It is this limitation in selection, making the historian of the *drama* dependent on the history of the *theater* for his material, that distinguishes his task from that of other critical artists. But if he is not free to select, he may still so organize his emphasis as almost to give the appearance of free selection, and he may arrange his material to suit his own taste.

So, when Mr. Krutch gives the chapter headings that follow his introduction this sequence: "Tragedy: Eugene O'Neill;" "Comedy;" "The Drama of Social Criticism;" "The Poetic Drama: Maxwell Anderson," you may infer that the final concern in his judgment of plays is not with the ideas they represent but with the quality of the artist's imagination and with the literary form of the work he achieves.

Joseph Wood Krutch

When Mr. Krutch says "literary form" in relation to drama, however, he does not mean what so many literary critics do. Mr. Krutch has seen almost every play of importance produced in New York during the last twenty years, and what he demands of the playwrights is quite a different thing from what he expects of the novelists who have come and gone during the same years. When he applies literary form to plays, he means—and can distinguish for his readers—the literary form that belongs to the drama, and to that form of literature alone. It is the action of the play, far more than the events, that outlines this form, it is the action and the characters plus the language that sum it up.

Probably nothing better has been written about Eugene O'Neill than the generous chapter Mr. Krutch devotes to him, which contains the illuminating sentence: "But a brooding temperament is even more fundamental in him than any specific predilection for the drama, and the history of his development as a writer begins as significantly with his discovery of that temperament as it does with his early familiarity with d r e s s i n g rooms." Probably nothing more detached or more bitter has ever been written about George Kaufman, including the criticism that Mr. Kaufman's "most conspicuous, most persistent, and apparently most cherished weakness" is "his willingness to subdue himself to the stuff he works in, . . . to let the least worthy of the drama's patrons establish its laws."

These, like a hundred other vivid passages in his book, give the clues to the relative historical values which Mr. Krutch places upon certain types of drama that have passed before his eyes. But the paragraph that gives it most clearly is what he says of Erskine Caldwell's characters in "Tobacco Road":

> But there is no use discussing what a work of art means or whether or not it is "true to life" unless one is convinced that the work "exists"—that it has the power to attract and hold attention, to create either that belief or that suspension of disbelief without which its "message" cannot be heard and without which the question of its factual truth is of no importance. . . . And if [Mr. Caldwell's "human grotesques"] seem, when abstractly considered, highly improbable, that only strengthens the tribute one is, in simple fairness, bound to pay to the imagination of a man who can make them credible.

With this clear sense of "aliveness' as belonging to the theater, it seems almost a tour de force for Mr. Krutch to have kept his history so entirely what he calls it, "an informal history of the drama." Actors are almost never mentioned—Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett in "They Knew What They Wanted," Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "Reunion in Vienna," and perhaps one or two others. Scene design hardly figures; and stage direction seems deliberately banished. All of this as if Mr. Krutch were trying to rebuild for the audience of the next generation some sense of the life that exists within the important plays themselves, a life which may go on and be renewed for generations.

Edith J. R. Isaacs is editor of Theatre Arts Monthly.

Calendar of Emotions

BELIEVE THE HEART. By Raymond Holden. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 497 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

FOUR years ago in "Chance Has a Whip" Raymond Holden wrote the story of Hendrick Fillmore, a conscientious and liberal American business man who fails both as an industrialist and as a husband. "Believe the Heart" continues with the story of Fillmore's second wife, Leda, covering the brief period of her widowhood and the first months of her second marriage. In this second novel affairs of the outside world—industrial depression, Congressional investigating committees, lurid newspaper scandals—hover menacingly in the background but hardly touch the story itself. "Believe the Heart" is an attempt to analyze completely the emotions of Leda Fillmore during a critical half-year.

The method is nearer that of Henry James than Virginia Woolf; there are pages of rambling introspection and reminiscence that resemble more the old-fashioned soliloquy than the stream of consciousness. Writing in an age unhampered by the taboos that led Henry James to a ludicrous over-refinement, Holden allows his heroine to reveal herself frankly and completely; but the result is less satisfying than similar studies of social parasites by James and Edith Wharton simply because Leda lacks real sophistication and subtlety. There is, however, no limit to her capacity to feel, and the novel is primarily a catalogue and calendar of Leda's emotions. According to Santayana she is wise, for "it is wisdom to believe the heart."

The success of such a novel depends on two things: the quality of the writing and the reader's interest in the central character. "Believe the Heart" is well written: the prose is lucid, rhythmical, and firm, with only an occasional passage of showy description; and the spaciousness and leisurely movement in the Great Tradition of novel-writing are pleasant in an age of scurry and fidget. But is Leda worth five hundred pages? Certainly the novel itself hardly warrants the publisher's blurb that she is a "thoroughly appealing woman." She not only eats her cake and has it, too, but nibbles generously at other people's pastry as well. Her highfalutin thinking is sometimes at sharp variance with her lowfalutin conduct. Her specious and trumpery justification of her sexual irregularities deceives no one but herself. Leda Fillmore is a subject for satire rather than solemn analysis.

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Children Who Live Forever

BY EDWARD A. WEEKS

CHILDREN Who Live Forever—I mean the children who live on in books for generation after generation of new readers: what is it that makes them so endearing? Where are they? Well, you certainly don't find them in the funny papers. Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer Kids, Little Nemo—they have not lived as long as I have.

> The Goops they licked their fingers,
> The Goops they licked their knives,
> They spill their broth on the table cloth—
> Oh, they live disgusting lives.

Yes, but even the Goops have disappeared. And the Brownies—those lively little people by Palmer Cox—they swarmed all over the place in 1900. But the books are out of print today.

This is what I'm after: a book about children which a ten-year-old will read with delight tomorrow, or fifty years from tomorrow. I'm not the least interested in those books which parents think children ought to read for moral or sentimental reasons.

I remember how it was in the early 1900s. Children then were to be seen and not heard. So we suffered in silence, while lugubrious books, beloved by our parents, were poured into one ear—and out the other. "Phil the Fiddler," "Pluck and Luck," the "Onward and Upward" Series, Oliver Optic, and the "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers." Elsie Dinsmore and how she fasted for her wicked, wicked father, and how she fainted when he compelled her to play the piano on Sunday. And who is this anemic boy with adenoids? Why, it is little Rollo —Rollo with his punctuality, with his hunger for instruction. "The enjoyment Rollo felt," writes his author on one occasion, "was not of that kind which leads children to caper and laugh." No, it certainly was not. Goodbye, Rollo. You were the dream child of a good many parents. But the children would have turned the hose on you if they had had a chance!

The scene became much more cheerful when boarding schools increased in popularity. Following after "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Stalky & Co.", by Rudyard Kipling, came a whole series of American books in praise of school. Frank Merriwell; Ralph Henry Barbour's stories in *St. Nicholas*—you know how Tom went in at quarterback in the last five minutes, and won the game. Those outrageous and delightful stories of Lawrenceville, "The Varmint" and "The Tennessee Shad" by Owen Johnson. Nor am I forgetting the "Little Colonel" series, which at the risk of being a sissy I admit I enjoyed. "The Rover Boys" and "Dorothy Dale" and "Patsy Went to College." But when you come right down to it, how many of those children will live twenty years from now—much less forever? Aren't most of them beginning to fade, just as the "Swiss Family Robinson," the "Peterkins," and the "Five Little Peppers" have faded with time? I'm afraid so.

I am ready to take the plunge, ready to risk my reputation and make a thousand enemies because I *will* choose ten immortal children. Bear in mind that I am trying to pick out books for a ten-year-old and that in each book there must be one irresistible child. I am leaving out Mother Goose because it is too juvenile, and I am not mentioning the New Testament because it goes without saying that the Christmas story is the most immortal of them all.

First, Jo March of "Little Women." Meg, Amy, and Little Beth are all appealing—but it is Jo, of course, who rules the book, and she and "Little Women" go up at the head of the list.

Number 2: Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." Do I hear any objections? Not one. The vote is unanimous.

Number 3: Tom Sawyer. Tom presents me with something of a problem —for what *am* I going to do about Huckleberry Finn? Well, I tell you, if my list were big enough to include two books by Mark Twain, I should certainly have both of these boys on it. But as it is, I think "Tom Sawyer" is a better novel for children, just as I think "Huckleberry Finn" is a better novel for their parents.

Number 4. Alice. Alice, both in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. For they are really the two halves of her enchanted life.

Now here comes a boy in a black velvet suit with a lace collar. To look at him you would think he was a sissy. But he isn't. While there isn't much of Ernest Hemingway about Little Lord Fauntleroy, I give you my word that he still fascinates children today. Little Lord Fauntleroy was a riot when he first appeared.

He affected us just as the Prince of Wales did. We even tried to dress like him. From the Atlantic to the Pacific American mothers dressed their brats —red hair, freckles, snub noses, and all—in black velvet suits with white lace collars.

Ray Lee Jackson

Edward A. Weeks

The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. The story goes that she was once visiting at Narragansett, and staying at the same hotel was a doting mother with a young savage, dressed, of course, in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit. Mrs. Burnett tried not to notice this caricature of her book, especially as it was clear that the boy himself had no use for his finery. One day, passing down the corridor she heard the mother's voice rising through the thin partition, "Listen! If you don't call me 'dearest' I'll take the trunk strap to you!" Live on, Little Lord Fauntleroy! You will still do us good, even though we have changed from velvet pantelettes to shorts.

The serious poetry of all languages has omitted the little brother. The little brother who tattles, the little brother who breaks your things, the little brother who gets in your way when you are in love. But Booth Tarkington remembered him. And so will other Americans when they read "Penrod" as I am sure they will, fifty years from now. Not only is Penrod a boy in a million, but what is more, he had a dog, one of the most appealing dogs in our literature. Do you remember Duke? People blushed when they thought of his family tree. But Duke himself wore a grizzled moustache and indefinite whiskers. He was small and shabby and he looked," says Mr. Tarkington, "like an old postman."

Now we come to number 7: David Copperfield, Frankly, I never cared very much for any of the Dickens brood when I was ten. Perhaps that was because I was made to read them, because the illustrations were so sardonic, and because the boys themselves were so miserable. But I have heard from many people who tell me they loved Copperfield, and I was so moved myself when I saw him again in the moving pictures that I think we must have him.

Number 8 is another girl. Dorothy

(*Continued on page* 20)

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What Is This War About?

(*Continued from page 4*)

ly adding . . . to their possessions by superior will and creative energy are ripe for abdication.

However, the fate in store for these small nations goes somewhat beyond losing any colonial possessions they are unfortunate enough to possess in these days.

Leviathan Germany

This becomes manifest as the grand plan for the world's future emerges from Herr Rauschning's account. It involves—but as a first phase only, you should be warned—the establishment of five great empires. All the present separate nations of the world would be swallowed in them.

First, Germany itself would rule in a great Eurasian State from the North Sea to the Pacific Ocean. All northern and central Europe, all Russia and Siberia were to be comprehensively included. France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, the Scandinavian States, Switzerland, Poland (it was at that time still in existence) Finland, Hungary, Rumania, the little Baltic countries—all were to be digested by this new Leviathan Germany. The degree of sovereignty they retained was to be that existing in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. The status was to be that of a "unity under duress," as Herr Rauschning describes it.

The program, however, recognizes two other "dynamic" peoples. Hitler might be an Alexander, but Mussolini (in those days) remained a Napoleon, and the Emperor of Japan a Genghis Khan. Therefore the grand plan envisaged also a "Mediterranean empire," ruled at its center by Italy. This was to take in all the present states bordering this great sea—Spain, a section of present France, Greece, Jugoslavia, all North Africa, Asia Minor, and perhaps Turkey.

Off in the east, in the meantime, the little Nipponese would unify and rule the four hundred million Chinese, the Pacific Islands—including no doubt the Philippines—and a good part of the Dutch Indies, although in these (as the legatees of Holland) apparently the Germans themselves intended to enter some claim.

The Final Global Empire

These three empires might be pictured (in the Nazis' own ideology) as gorilla nations beating their breasts with "dynamism." Realism compelled, temporarily, the recognition of two other empires not imbued with "dynamism"; relics, so to speak, of the older world-system.

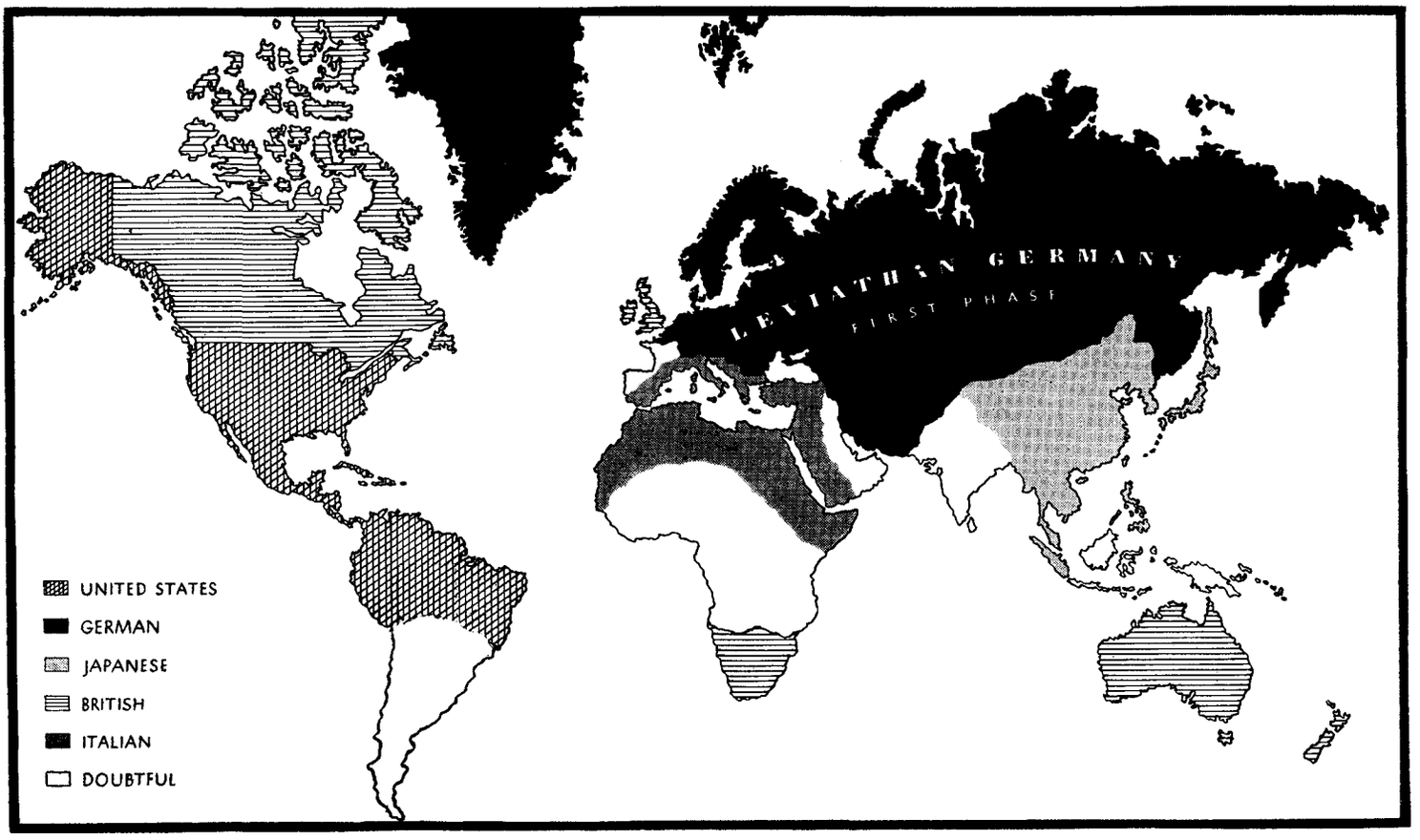
The British Empire, in its disintegration, was merely to set the vast process of "redistribution" going. It would, however, remain in existence as a sort of junior partner to Leviathan Germany. A weak island people, counting a mere forty million, it would be dominated both by air and sea from Scandinavian and North Sea ports. It would no longer be mistress of the seas; Germany would have succeeded to that position. It was forever to disinterest itself in Europe; that henceforth and forever was to be German dominion. It would, however—if not disposed to be troublesome—continue to be the center of a scattered British Empire. This would consist of the present dominions — Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, presumably some parts of Africa. The status of India is not clear.

Finally, explains Rauschning briefly, there would be "the American continental bloc." In this we were to be the dominant nation. Not without rivalry, however. The mass of plans "does not exclude the possibility that new imperial lines [of the German empire] may develop in the direction of South and Central Africa, South America and the Pacific."

This fivefold division of the world is only a portico to the temple.

> Can a dynamic revolution stop at a sharing of the world? Must not the struggle continue until the final world dominion of a single nation? The triumvirate sharing the world in the age of Caesarism [note again the sophomoric historical analogy] is always no more than a preliminary to the decisive final struggle for exclusive rule. Thus at the back of Germany's continental empire stands the will to absolute dominion

The map shows, roughly, the territorial divisions of the five empires envisaged by the Nazis as a result of their ideational "redistribution" of the world. The disposition of unmarked portions, shown as "doubtful," is not clearly indicated in the text of Rauschning's book.



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in the world, *the technical means of which are no longer lacking as hitherto.* (Italics mine)

All the past great empires of history have been partial empires. This was to be the last, the greatest ever, the greatest possible—a global empire!

Wars Not Expected

How can ambition magnified so insanely be taken seriously by normal people? Herr Rauschning says:

> Only these dimensions, as Hitler has declared outright, justify the effort of a whole nation until exhaustion threatens. Those who heard this conception developed . . . could only regard it as absurd bombast. I confess that that was my own feeling. Today [he was writing long before the march into Poland] it seems less unlikely to be put into practice.

There are a few details, of course, about this vast picture which the humble citizen would prefer to see, so to speak, in slower motion. What would all the other peoples of the world be doing while this "redistribution" at their expense proceeded? For the most part, being "undynamic," fearfully and meekly they would submit! No serious war was apparently anticipated until the five great empires were fairly well-established.

The first steps in the program were to be the quick incorporation of the small European states of Northern and Central Europe. Here the

> unity need not involve sanguinary struggles. . . . It will be for other States to recognize the inevitable necessity of the Greater German Empire, and *peacefully* to look on at its formation. (Italics mine)

The strategy to be used was that which was so successful first in Austria, a swift overrunning and *Gleichschaltung* of a small country incapable of resistance. (The now common word, *Gleichschaltung,* might be freely translated as "swallowing," in the sense the Nazis use it.) This technique was repeated triumphantly six months later, with the Sudetenland. Six months after that it was successful with the balance of Czecho-Slovakia. Six months after that it was to be attempted with Poland—but by that time the technique (although not the whole grand plan itself) had become all too clear.

The point to be understood here is that small State after State was to be subjugated in this way, and the English and French would prove —in each crisis as it came—too spineless to intervene, although their own ultimate fate from the process became ever clearer and clearer. Hungary, Rumania, and Denmark, would perhaps have gone in that order, after Poland. Then Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian nations, as opportunity and excuse afforded.

Apparently an unimportant war was expected with France.

> The intention [reports Herr Rauschning] was simply to try to weaken France without bloodshed, perhaps to declare her government to be the enemy of the people [note that this is now being tried in German propaganda with France], but to show sympathy for the people. There is finally a possibility of coming forward as "liberator" of the French people, just as Napoleon's march into the old Germany. And the destiny of the French military power might well be the same as that of Czecho-Slovakia—capitulation without the Maginot Line having the opportunity to demonstrate its strength.

In the meantime, what would the British Empire be doing? Recall the complete conviction underlying the entire program, that "England can no longer venture on a war." The confirmed belief was that, prior to this necessary military subjugation of France, England would have already, recognizing necessity, *psychologically ranged herself on the side of Germany* as one of the five eventual main partners in the world's "redistribution." On this point Herr Rauschning reports as to the Nazi notions: "England will probably be ready to do this as soon as France has been defeated, if not before."

Russia Last Not First

Soviet Russia was also expected to wait submissively for its extinction, both as a nation and as an economic system.

However, the timing here is extremely important to understand. Russia's subjugation *was to come after,* not before, the complete conquest of Europe, and the emasculation of Great Britain as a world power. This, of course, is exactly contrary to the sequence expected by all those in and out of Germany—particularly American communists and their fellow-travelers—who innocently took at its face value the Nazi thundering in the index against Russia.

> Before Russia can be liquidated [reports Herr Rauschning, as to the Nazi notions in this respect] the Russo-French "outer-fort" Czecho-Slovakia must be destroyed and France must be isolated *and partitioned.* And it is no less essential to bring effective pressure upon the States of the intermediate European girdle, in order to set up a new common structure before the dissolution of Russia permits the new great Eurasian federation of States to be formed. (Italics mine)

In this country, particularly, it has been assumed that the motif of the attack upon Russia represented a mere renaissance of the old pan-German ambition of *Drang nach Osten* (Drive to the East). This idea is simply out of date, reports Herr Rauschning. That old policy—seeking, as it did, mere wheat and oil principally—"unquestionably belongs to the past of National Socialism. It is much too unambitious, unrevolutionary, respectable, static, to interest the politicians who today determine the tactics of the Third Reich."

That policy, also, would merely have split up Russia, whereas it was complete incorporation of Russia into a Leviathan Germany, which was in the minds of the Nazi leaders. The Eurasian state, which they visualized, was to stretch "from Flushing to Vladisvostok."

If Plans Went Wrong

But something even more interesting with regard to Russia was in their minds. A year before it happened Herr Rauschning predicted the Nazi-Soviet Pact. This is not so remarkable for its accuracy as it now seems. Almost three years ago I personally heard it as fairly common political speculation over cafe tables in Eastern Europe. But Herr Rauschning's forecast is far more important than the common ones (which were not much more than hunches) because of the authoritative light it casts upon the Nazis' mental processes.

Suppose the first parts of this colossal program went wrong; suppose the Nazi reasoning about the willing submission of all small European states proved mistaken; suppose France did not submit to being sheared like a lamb; suppose England proved not so spineless. Suppose, in a word, the West fought! In that event, the timing would simply be changed: the second part of the grand program outlined here would be attempted first.

> It is important to bear this in mind [the author warns]. If National Socialism fails in its first aims in Central and Western Europe . . . it will be able instead to ally itself with Bolshevik Russia and to undertake the partition of the world from the opposite pole. There are many well-known political elements who desire a solution of this sort, *as avoiding the loss of time* involved in proceeding by way of Central and Western Europe. . . . In any case, dynamism sees in the volte face of an alliance with Soviet Russia *a last chance* which might be of incalculable revolutionary effect. (Italics mine)

He reports Hitler, in a conversation, as agreeing that the economic ties with Russia should be carefully preserved. The army was enthusiastically for such an alliance. Also,—

> the economic system and social order have been largely approximated to the Bolshevik system—with, it is

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true, certain important exceptions. There are thus no difficulties left in the way of alliance with the Soviet Union. *That alliance is the great revolutionary coup in foreign policy at which controlling elements in the National Socialism leadership have long been aiming.* (Italics mine)

This was written, recall, a year before the Nazi-Soviet Pact, which was itself the signal for the outbreak of the war.

"Ready to Sign Anything"

So much for the grand program, as Herr Rauschning discloses it; no less important to understand is the general line of tactics to be pursued.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is the account of a secret "leaders' conference" at which Hitler spoke, before he took even the first steps in this program—that is, before his march into the Rhineland in 1934.

> . . . The Führer's declaration showed that he was prepared to go to any length. Never, he said, should Germany return to the corrupt and putrefying company of the democracies, doomed as they were to death and destruction. Germany had cast herself adrift from that world forever. Arguments which were advanced only years later in public speeches were put at length before this meeting—arguments that Germany was preparing the way for a gigantic revolution; in this struggle, all things must be permissible. . . . He had torn to pieces the whole fabric of treaties of a lying, fraudulent, criminal system. The world would have to make up its mind to follow Germany. . . .
>
> Hitler had told me that morning what was his view of the value of treaties. He was ready, he said, to sign anything. He was ready to guarantee any frontier and to conclude a non-aggression pact with anyone. It was a simpleton's idea not to avail oneself of expedients of this sort because the day might come when some formal agreement would have to be broken. Every pact sworn to was broken or became out of date sooner or later. Anyone who was so fussy that he had to consult his conscience about whether he could keep to a pact, whatever the pact and whatever the situation, was a fool. Why not please other people and ease one's own position by signing pacts, if the other people thought that that got them anywhere or settled anything? He could conclude any treaty in good faith, and yet be ready to break it in cold blood the next day, if that was in the interest of the future of Germany.

Universal Political Unsettlement

The general policy laid down for all international relations was "to be ready to put in an appearance, and claim equality of rights, and force compliance with its claims, in every problem in world politics. . . . With the revolutionary breaking-up of all elements of order in the world, the chances increase of succeeding, if not in every enterprise, at all events in some."

This breaking-up, with its opportunities for the conquistadors, was not to be awaited, it was to be facilitated by every means. The efforts

> took every direction. It established countless Stutzpunkte, or key positions. New ones came constantly into position. No place was too remote for its revolutionary course. . . . National Socialism's strategic doctrine teaches that a blow must only be struck where the revolutionary situation is ripe. But the ripening in foreign countries is [to be] promoted, by all possible means. Warlike action *begins in peace time* with the establishment of Stutzpunkte, or key positions, all over the country concerned. No country is without importance as a field for the promoting of the dynamic revolution, whether Brazil or the Pacific Islands, China or the United States. (Italics mine)

This vast organization of disruptive elements in every country is called the National Socialism Auslands organization (Foreign Organization). It is now openly a part of the German Foreign Office, no longer an unofficial secret organization. Its head, as is well-known, is Herr Ernst Bohle. Under his direction "this march into the world was organized with immense resources. It resulted in the formation of a vast network of international propaganda and revolutionary organization, making use of middle-class personages who were not initiated into its actual purposes; that was not essential."

"At the back of this policy of Stutzpunkte," says Herr Rauschning, "lies the deliberate plan of promoting revolutionary dynamism all over the world. This is the actual plan of National Socialism in foreign policy—universal political unsettlement. . . . It is only by its ubiquity, its interference in every problem of the world, that National Socialism can attain the maximum of power and influence which is its aim!"

Democracies the Enemy Always

In this connection an enlightening incident is told of a leaders' lunch with Hitler, in the summer of 1933. The discussion turned on this very matter of subterranean agitation in other countries.

> Someone said that in every State discord should be stirred up to such an extent that the State could easily be brought down. Objections were raised, but it was contended that it was all a question of money and organization. It cost more in the West than in the East; that was the only difference. There were no convictions in democracies, real convictions, for which men would stake their existence. That was the point at which to work—fear or the hope of gain would sooner or later bring capitulation in every case. There were plenty of men to be found in any country, as many as were wanted, to launch any particular movement; plenty in every grade of society and of every degree of education. Once a beginning had been made, each country would look after itself. The people without convictions were always defeatist: it was useless, they would say, to resist. No money spent in this way was wasted: it meant that fewer army divisions would need to be sent in the end.
>
> Democracies, it was pointed out, were helpless against this sort of attack: it was in the nature of things that they should be, for the only way to prevent it was to become authoritarian. . . . A characteristic conclusion was drawn: *our opponents would always be democracies and democracies alone* for the simple reason that they were vulnerable. We must always go in search of weaker opponents, and make friends of the dangerous ones. This sounded rather like a cheap joke. The man who said it, in all earnestness, was Hanfstaengl, next to whom I was sitting. Not until later did I discover that he had only been trying to give in a simpler form the views of the Führer. (Italics mine)

The War from This Angle

When the Rauschning disclosures are put in this order, the inescapable conclusion—as stated above—is that the war started prematurely as part of this grand Nazi revolutionary plan, first to upset, and then to "reorder," the present system of international relationships.

On the one side, from Rauschning's viewpoint, the war represents an armed attempt to overthrow this international system; on the other a necessary defense of it.

But precisely what is this complex of international relationships which is being attacked and defended? Unless its main characteristics are understood, any judgment about the war itself cannot avoid being superficial.

Most helpful to such an effort is the point that H. G. Wells so often stresses: that in their economic and cultural relations the two billion inhabitants of the earth have already progressed far along the road to unification. That is, from an economic and cultural viewpoint, there now exists a sort of United States of the World. But in the meantime the political development in this direction has lagged far behind both the economic and cultural.

With this Wellsian key, a sketchy picture of the present "international system" would present the following highlights:

Politically, the system assumes and recognizes the equality of each people with every other. No matter how

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small or weak a nation, it is as sovereign over its own group of people as any other. Of course, this is, recognizably, not wholly true. The ancient historic situation of subject peoples being governmentally controlled by another still persists in the colonies of several great powers—notably Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and now Japan. This subordinate status of many peoples is in contradiction to the general recognition of the political freedom of separate peoples. It is, however, a sort of vestigial exception emphasizing the wider rule. That is, there are far more peoples on the Earth who are now free in their sovereignty—and until recently, unmolested by others—than there are subject peoples.

A World Economic United States

This fair degree of tolerance is the most conspicuous political characteristic of the present "international system." Coincident with it there has developed—within the past 125 years—a worldwide economic unity never before seen in human history.

The economic interdependence of all nations has proceeded almost, though not quite, to the same degree as among the states of our own union. Goods are the great travelers over the world, far more than individuals. The way life is lived, among the advanced peoples particularly, is at least affected and often wholly determined by the agricultural or industrial activities of other peoples, often far-distant.

So unified has this world economy become that all the peoples of the world now measure the value of what they own and exchange by the same money—gold. Not only every conceivable form of goods, but confidence also willingly crosses all geographic obstacles—at least it did until within the last few years. Promises to pay gold, in the near or distant future, are accepted by men over national boundaries just as freely as by the business men within each nation. Indeed, in the more analytic view, it is not the "exportation of capital,"— an obscuring term—*but this extension of the debt-and-credit system across every territorial boundary* which may be considered the principal factor in bringing about the economic unification of the world.

Plainly enough this unification has not gone on unhampered. (Any more, incidentally, than the economic unification of the United States has been unhampered.) Tariffs everywhere have blocked the completely free movement of goods. The colonial system has given advantage to old conquistador countries, in certain territories and as to certain goods. But this latter advantage is of no different and of no greater effect—it should be noticed—than that conferred by the tariffs imposed by every other nation.

The really salient fact to be observed is that all obstructions to this economic unification of humankind *have not halted it.* It has been a deep-flowing evolutionary process, which has merely taken all obstructions into account—and then gone on. Moreover, with it the *cultural unification* of human beings has proceeded with even less obstruction. Communication all over the world is now instant, and until the recent rise of dictatorships there were no territorial boundaries to ideas, to new inventions, nor to the truths of science discovered in any quarter.

Civil War within a System

Plainly, this evolutionary process has left deficiencies and injustices, as part of this present "international system," which cry aloud for improvement. One clear fact, however, remains: that the "system" itself has changed human life as it has never been changed before. It has resulted, first, in an enormous increase in the human population on the earth; and second, these enormously increased numbers of human beings have (except in certain areas not yet fully coordinated into the "system") attained an average standard of living never thought possible before this era. With a corollary: that there is reasonable hope this average standard can be made progressively higher, with the correction of abuses clear enough to men of good will everywhere.

Now, it is this still imperfect "international system" (which yet has seen the greatest material progress that has ever occurred in human history) that is being attacked on one side in this war and defended on the other. That is, rather than as a war between "imperialistic" nations, Herr Rauschning—judging from his book—would regard it as a "civil war" within this well-established international system.

But what philosophy, as to general human benefit, is behind the seeking of change in the system? None, he testifies, from anything he could observe in his association with the Nazi leaders. The explanation is a mere reasonless drive to vast personal power and dominion. The Nazi elite are "doctrineless," he repeats over and over.

Allies not Saint Georges

Thus, from his viewpoint, France and England are in reality representing in this struggle—quite unwittingly at the beginning—all the other peoples on the earth who may consider the present international system on the whole beneficial to them. Certainly they are representing the fundamental interests of all of the small nations of Europe. No doubt he would be the last to say that they have adopted this role as Saint Georges, out of some sort of international altruism. They are simply *compelled* to defense of the system because territorially they are in the first line of the attack, and are actually the only nations in Europe capable of effectually offering resistance to it.

In the case of every small nation in Central Europe, of course, the threat is equally immediate as with France and Britain. Not a single European people has any illusion as to what would happen to it should there be a decisive German military victory. On the other hand, in the event of an allied victory, their political independence will certainly remain unimpaired. Why then—it will be asked by logicians—do not these small nations range themselves on the side of those who, if not their champions, are at least necessarily fighting their battles?

Herr Rauschning's answer would be that Terror is as effectual a weapon in paralyzing outside peoples as it is when used internally. The long strategic course of Nazi aggrandizement, beginning with the small nations, rested on the belief that they could be subjugated one by one *without war;* because of the mere terror of war devastating their land and people. Paralysis by terror is working just as effectually as a theory even though war has come; more so, perhaps, just because it has come. The flaming examples of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland are very much in the minds of every inhabitant of every small state in Europe.

Hitler and Communism

There is one final highly illuminating aspect of this interpretation of the war. The attack on the present mechanics of human civilization comes from a "doctrineless" Nazi leadership. But this does not mean that Hitler and his coterie cannot *profess* belief in a doctrine, if any end is to be served by doing so.

Rauschning shows how Hitler's internal successes were all achieved by utilizing any widely-held belief helpful to his current political purposes. He is the world's leading practitioner of the discovery that ideas are weapons, and he is completely unscrupulous in making use of them; his position here has always been precisely that which he confessed to with regard to treaties.

Of course, there has long been a widely-held doctrine that has to do with "world-revolution," a creed believed by many millions of sincere peo-

(*Continued on page* 18)

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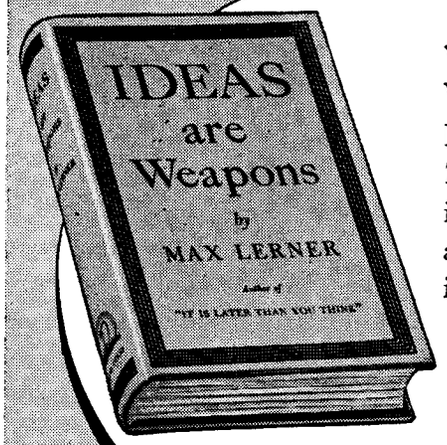

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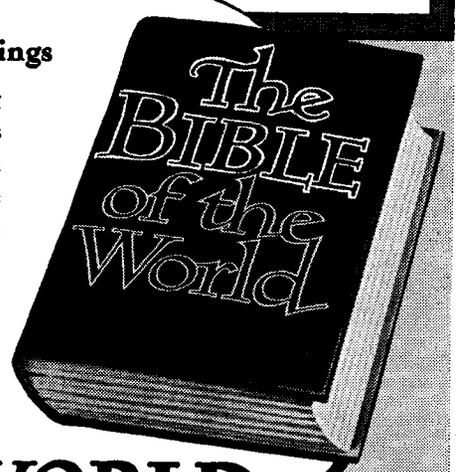

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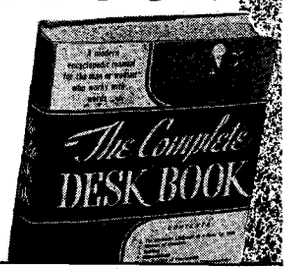

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What Is This War About?

(*Continued from page* 16)

ple in many countries. One of the basic tenets of Marxism is that the capitalistic system must eventually be overthrown by a "proletarian" upthrust, world-wide in its scope. Theoretically, Marxism has been an international movement from its inception. This aspect of it is expressed in its cardinal slogan, "Workers of the world, unite!"

Marxists have always quarreled among themselves as to how this presumed inevitable end was to be achieved. For example, the bitter split between the Trotzkyites and Stalinists is over the very point of whether effort of all communists should be directed to transformation of the capitalist system on a world-wide scale, or should now be devoted primarily to protection of the one Socialist State that has been brought into creation, Soviet Russia. The latter view has been that of Stalin, and on the whole it has prevailed among communist groups throughout the world.

The large fact to be observed by outsiders is that prior to the Russian Revolution this notion of the overthrow of capitalism on a world-wide scale was just talk; it was sincere and resolute enough, without doubt, but it never got beyond the phase of talk. Then after the Russian Revolution, as practicable policy of communists everywhere, it was abandoned. Prevailing communists in each land directed their efforts to accord with Stalin's long strategy: primarily to preserve and to develop the one established socialist state. In short, within the past decade there can be no doubt that world communism changed radically in its strategy from the aggressive to the defensive.

The Last-Ditch Plan

Can it be that Hitler's "world-revolution" now constitutes the end of talk? Will it turn out to be an armed conflict to overthrow the capitalist system? This sensational possibility is implicit in Herr Rauschning's picture of the Nazi mental processes.

Hitler, and not Stalin, or some other Bolshevik figure, the crusading leader of the world war against all capitalists! It is a denouement incredible to rational people. Above all would it be incredible to honest communists. But the sole question is whether it is incredible to Hitler.

According to Herr Rauschning, it is not only well within his character, but has actually long been considered in his calculations as a role that may be necessitated by events. He has merely been waiting, presumably, for his notorious instinct for timing to say: "Now!"

From the beginning there has been a strong wing of the National Socialist Party violently anti-capitalistic. The name of the Party was carefully devised as flypaper for these extremists, and they have always been convinced their Führer is on their side. He is; so reports Herr Rauschning. There is considerable reference in his book to what is called among the Nazi leaders "the second Revolution" in Germany. Over five years ago, in a secret speech to the leaders of the Party, Rauschning reports that Hitler indicated this "second Revolution" in Germany loomed large in his arsenal of future plans. The first revolution constituted the ruthless establishment of a Party dictatorship over the German people—as in Russia. The "second Revolution", presumably, would go to the greater extremes of the Russian Revolution, particularly in the complete and open extirpation of free enterprise and free labor.

As to Hitler's personal bent and intention in this direction, Herr Rauschning testifies:

> A German-Russian alliance means simply the confluence of two streams which run toward the same sea of world revolution. National Socialism will submit to *Gleichschaltung* with the Bolshevik world revolution, or will subject that revolution to *Gleichschaltung* with itself: it amounts either way to much the same thing. It will be no ordinary coalition between two Powers for normal practical purposes. Germany and Russia, if they come together, will radically transform the world. That alliance is Hitler's great coming stroke.

Rainbow before Stalin

Rauschning wrote this a year before the famous pact. Now these states have come together. A very common assumption has been that the alliance is a purely opportunistic one of leaders who must still profoundly distrust each other; that the fundamental antagonisms in the national interests of Slav and German remains unchanged. Stalin's course is assayed as cold-blooded taking advantage of German temporary necessity. It is all simple "power-politics," of the old-fashioned variety.

This may well be true appraisal, so far as it goes. It merely does not go so far as Herr Rauschning, who keeps in mind both Hitler's past resourcefulness and his inhuman absence of scruple. There remains something he can offer Stalin that may prove one of the prettiest rainbows ever painted. He can offer to range Germany's eighty million disciplined and advanced people on the side of Soviet Russia, in a consolidated relentless effort—by all the combined devices of modern warfare and modern propaganda—to overthrow the "capitalist system."

This is what Herr Rauschning means

(*Continued on page* 20)

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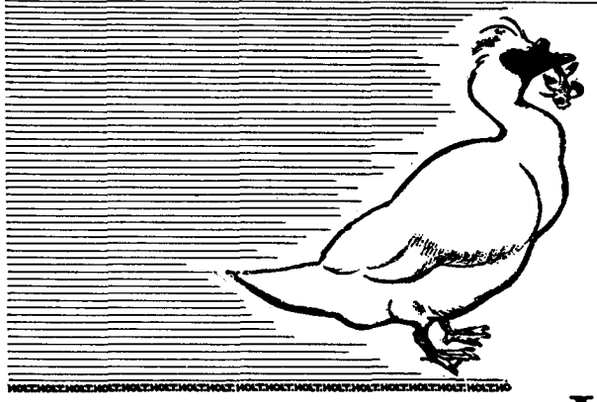

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Past the End OF THE Pavement

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•

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WIDOWED by the sudden and violent death of her husband, Leda Fillmore finds herself alone with the responsibility of his business, and the problem of making a new life for herself and the baby she is going to have. Turn to men she must, and the two whom she comes to trust and love, in different ways, are her lawyer, Gardner Howe, and the understanding Dr. Mitchell. Yet though neither one can resolve her confusion in the world of affairs or satisfy the longing of her heart, she does find an answer . . . "Leda is a warmly appealing and convincing person."—*Mary Ross, N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* $2.50

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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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Children Who Live Forever

(*Continued from page* 12)

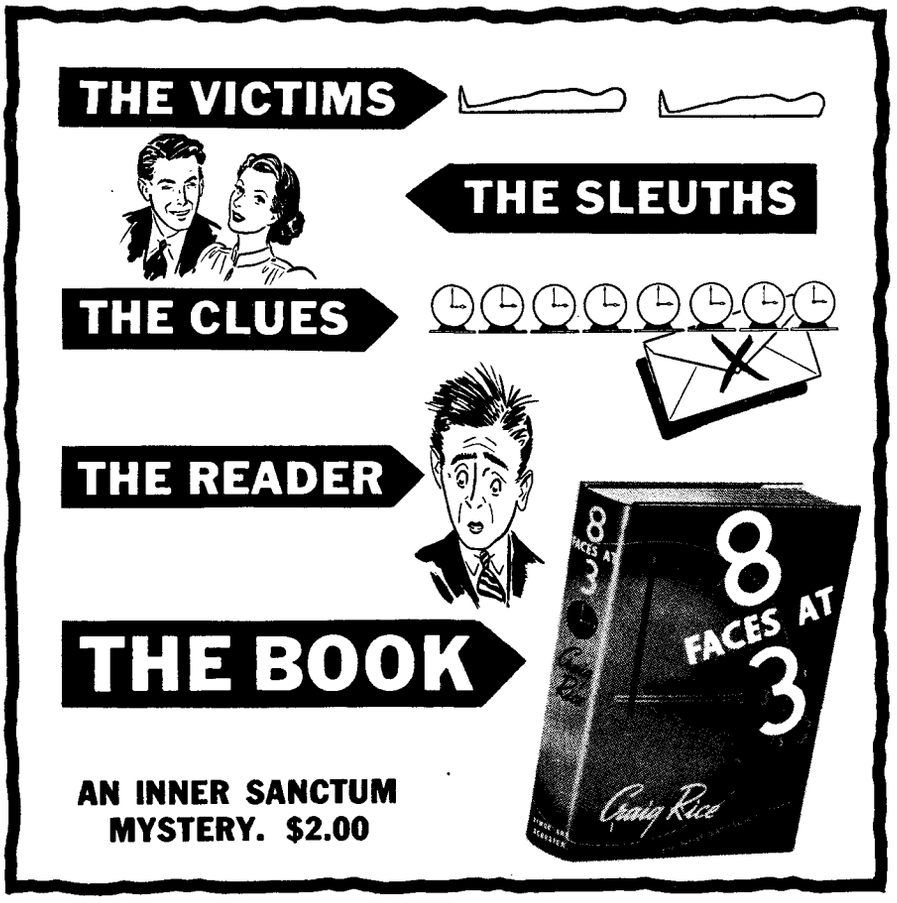
—Dorothy who had such a marvelous time with the Scarecrow and the Tin Man in the Land of Oz. The Oz stories are fairy tales about machines, with machines in place of dragons. The more machines we have to fuss with, the more we shall love them.

Kipling must be given the 9th place. But *which* of his children? Wee Willie Winkle? Or Kim? No, I think there is one that matters more than either of them—Mowgli of the Jungle Books. And Mowgli it is.

One place left. Shall it be Peter Pan? Or Christopher Robin? No, I am sorry. There's not room for either of them. For my 10th place goes to "Hiawatha"—the only book of poetry in the ten, but a legend, a story which is already so deep in the American imagination that I feel it will mean more to us than those two English competitors.

I am afraid I shall be scolded for not having mentioned a good many books you love. It hurt me to leave out Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," "Hereward the Wake" by Charles Kingsley, and "Drums" by James Boyd. But I had to because there was no immortal child in them. And if I left out "The Wind in the Willows" and "Dream Days" by Kenneth Graham, "The Innocent Voyage" by Richard Hughes, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," it is because in my opinion those are books about children which were written expressly for grown-ups. I heard only last week from some friends of mine who tried to read aloud to their two boys "Life with Father" by Clarence Day. Father did the reading and he and mother were convulsed with laughter, but the boys sat stony-faced. It was much too real and much too drab for them.

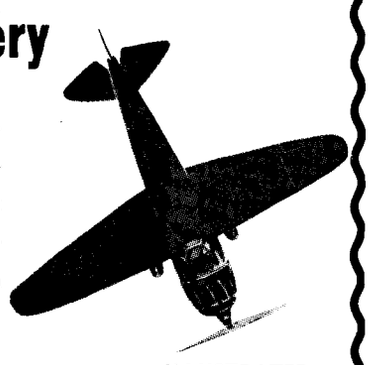
The foregoing article is condensed from a broadcast by Edward A. Weeks over the National Broadcasting Company network. Mr. Weeks is editor of The Atlantic Monthly *and author of "This Trade of Writing."*



A Memorable Book to Give —

WIND, SAND and STARS

By Antoine de St. Exupéry



"No wonder it is thrilling. It is life heightened to a gigantic scale with such adventures, such heroes . . . pierces straight through to the heart of the world."—ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH, in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

What Is This War About?

(*Continued from page* 18)

by the *Gleichschaltung* of a Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. This is the rainbow Hitler can paint for Stalin —with a rather enormous pot of gold at its end.

Events, of course, will swiftly enough tell whether this will prove as well-founded as other of Herr Rauschning's predictions. It is interesting, at least, that Hess and other Nazi leaders have been talking publicly in this vein since the war started. Also, perhaps the most significant statement in Hitler's own "peace speech" to the Reichstag was his reference to France and Great Britain as "the capitalist nations."

If Rauschning's prediction is well-founded, Great Britain and France—but particularly the former—must be tarred as the central citadel of all that is evil in the capitalist system. All the exploited workingmen of the entire world, not merely those in Germany and Russia, must be made to feel that this citadel, like Carthage, must be destroyed. If that could be brought to pass, it would then not be Nazi Germany and Hitler, but the proletariat who could be represented as having achieved triumph over the world!

What Chance?

What possible hope of success can Hitler and his coterie have in such a long gamble?

Clearly it would necessitate that "second Revolution" which the Nazi leaders have long seriously talked about among themselves. It could not be a phoney-Bolshevization, if it hopes to impress the Russians. It would both

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have to be launched, *and then be successful as a revolution,* to bring them wholeheartedly into such an adventure.

The first question then that arises is: Can a genuine Bolshevization of Germany—as thoroughgoing as that in Russia—take place without a civil war in Germany?

Is it conceivable that the German army, to say nothing of other elements in the population, would stand for a Bolshevization thoroughgoing enough to impress the Russians? Such a "second Revolution," in other words, does not seem likely to be as unopposed in Germany as the first. And if there is a civil war, can it take place at all while Germany is faced with such powerful armies on its frontiers as those of France and England?

Another obvious question is the extent to which Stalin can be hypnotized by this rainbow. Just how far would Hitler have to go—not by mere promise but by action—to convince him that the abandoned course of communist world-revolution could be resumed, resumed no longer by subterranean agitation but openly, with a combined modern war and world-propaganda machine rather formidable to contemplate?

Will he persist in his own past resolute course, of successfully developing a single great socialist state? Or can he be won back to the traditional theory of Marxism, by this dangling of the seemingly attainable prize before him—the great pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—a *successful* world-revolution?

To sum up, Herr Rauschning's viewpoint as to the nature of this war may be construed as follows: It is a world-revolution begun. It turned into an armed conflict prematurely, because of the complete misreading by the Nazi leaders of British and French character. It is wholly without doctrinal aims, but by necessity will be compelled to adopt the traditional communist doctrine. It will then carry on —as far as it can get—in the guise of the savior and champion of the workers of the world.

If he is right in this general viewpoint, one judgment about it seems sound: that how far this effort at "world-revolution" will succeed really depends in the last analysis on whether or not the Nazis are misreading the Russians as grossly as they did the British and French.

Harry Scherman, as president of the Book-of-the-Month Club, has had long experience in reporting succinctly on the contents of books, and as a popularizing writer on economic subjects—he is the author of "The Promises Men Live By"—he is particularly well-equipped to clarify the international economic aspects of Herr Rauschning's sensational disclosures.

"One of the most delightful biographies of musicians that I have ever read."—WALTER DAMROSCH

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RANDOM HOUSE PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

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The Children's Bookshop

Some of the Highlights

By Rosemary Carr Benét

ST. NICK and his eight tiny reindeer will have to get an extra portable bookbox marked Disney to carry his load of this seasons' favorites, "The Ugly Duckling" and "Pinocchio." One bookseller summarized the Christmas booklist to a prospective customer this way, "Well, there are the Disneys and then some other picture books." There is no age limit for "The Ugly Duckling" and "Pinocchio." In fact, the only problem from the giver's point of view is to get the book directly to the child, and not have it intercepted by a parent or an uncle or a grandmother who wants to take a look first. There are a few ultra-conservatives who regret the changes from the original Collodi "Pinocchio." They are the same group who wailed when the magic girdle and the deadly comb were left out of "Snow White," but they are quickly reconciled to the new version of "Pinocchio" by the truly magnificent whale. "The Ugly Duckling" appeals to everyone. Both these books have better color and make-up than some of the earlier presentations of Mr. Disney's art.

The ever popular stocking books—(the miniature editions that can be stuck into a stocking along with the orange and the candy cane) bring one of the nicest of this year's offerings, "A Pint of Judgment," by Elizabeth Morrow, with pictures by Suzanne Suba. This is an enchanting story with a simplicity and a warmth all its own. It gives a pleasant picture of a happy family and has a humorous twist at the end. Another pretty book in this tiny size is "Alexander the Gander." The pictures in this are very nice, but the plot, alas, is reminiscent of "Peter Rabbit," except that Alexander purloins heliotrope pansies instead of cabbages.

There are some good humorous selections. Lois Lenski has done a lively version of "Susie Mariar," an old folk rhyme long known in different parts of the country. She has used a Southern version and added a few New England verses too, and the resulting all-American Susie Mariar is very spirited, indeed. "Little Toot," by Hardie Gramatky, is a rollicking story of a small tug-boat, one of a distinguished family of tug-boats. The drawings and endpapers are full of vigorous action, showing *Little Toot* speeding about on his remarkable adventures. Munro Leaf, having given an outline for manners in "Watchbirds," has now done a juvenile summary of ethics in "Fair Play." This is full of sound ideas on self-government and national government too. This would be a good gift for a school or a class rather than an individual child, for it has a touch of the text-book in spite of its lively cartoons, and is meant to instruct and improve and inspire patriotism in the youthful breast.

An original idea in younger books is developed by Clement Hurd, who also illustrates Gertrude Stein's "The World Is Round." He has done a pair of "panorama picture books" called "Town" and "Country" (not the magazine). They pull out into a strip eight feet long, which then can be used as a backdrop for games or as a mural around a wall. A good idea, if the young reader doesn't tear them first. Another colorful book with many pictures and a minimum of text for the non-reader is "The Noisy Book," by Margaret Wise Brown. In this the reading-aloud parent has to supply various noises, including the noise of an automobile horn, indicated by awuurra-awuurra. This is hard on the parent but fun for the child.

Two famous names, new in the children's book field, are Gertrude Stein and Somerset Maugham. Miss Stein says that she wrote the colorful and repetitious "The World Is Round" "to be read aloud," and adds firmly, "This book was written to be enjoyed." Whether her young readers will take this injunction to heart remains to be seen. This reviewer tried it on one child of a suitable age, who remarked "It jabber-jabbers" . . . a criticism that may or may not appeal to Miss Stein. At any rate, young readers will find this is certainly not like their other books. Even the make-up sets it apart; the type is blue, the page a glowing rose color. Somerset Maugham's Siamese fairy tale, "Princess September and the Nightingale," is one of the handsomest books of the season, but in a sophisticated way. Both these books look more like collectors' items than nursery-shelf fillers. Certainly they are the "Wash your hands before you touch *that* book, dear" school . . . to be put on a very special shelf.

Animal books are numerous and range from the domestic dog in appealing "Friendly Little Jonathan," by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan, to exotic Stripey, a Zebra, by Hamilton Williamson with pictures by the Hader, and "Kokwa," a little Koala bear, by Theresa Kalab. Kay Boyle's "The Youngest Camel" belongs in this group.

The older group who like "more reading and less pictures" have their individual tastes. Ten- to twelve-year-old boys will like "Cowhand Goes to Town," another Phil Stong-Kurt Wiese collaboration. This has a Western background. Try "Not Really" on a young reader who likes the cuckoo form of humor. This is a collection of "eleven jolly stories" by Lesley Frost, daughter of Robert Frost, who wrote them for her two daughters. The introduction to the book is by Louis Untermeyer. Two candidates for the exacting twelve-year-old age are "The Mystery at East Hatchett, or Eric the Pink," written and illustrated by the

(*Continued on page* 24)

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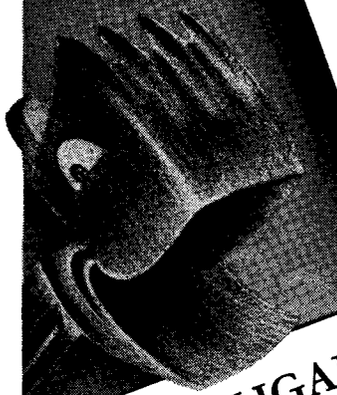
For Children of All Ages



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By Eliza Orne White. Illus. by Helen Blair. Ages 5 to 8. $1.75

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By Ethel Calvert Phillips. Illus. by Ilse Bischoff. Ages 8 to 10. $2.00

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By Burr Durfee and Helen and John McMorris. Ages 8 to 10. Illustrated, $1.25

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By Dorothea Park. Illus. by Marguerite Davis. Ages 6 to 8. $1.00

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By Christine Noble Govan. Illus. by Susanne Suba. Ages 5 to 8. $1.25

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By Russell Gordon Carter. Illus. by E. R. Bradley. Ages 10 to 14. $2.00

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By Rutherford Montgomery. Illus. by Kurt Wiese. Ages 11 to 14. $2.00

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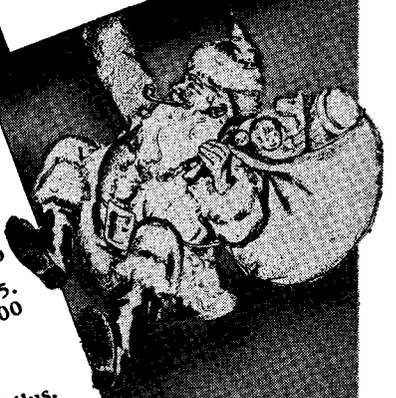
A COLORFULLY illustrated book of selected stories, poems, and rhymes about Christmas. The subjects are those closest to the child's heart during the weeks before Christmas, — toys, Christmas trees, and Santa Claus. Among the contributors are Gelett Burgess, Eleanor Farjeon, John Farrar, Gertrude Smith, Maud Lindsay, and Clement Moore. For children of 3 to 7. Illustrated by Charlotte Becker. $1.00



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Longmans
PRESENTS

Books for Boys and Girls

BLACK RAIN
By Merritt P. Allen

"A real he-man's story, replete with thrills . . . sound historical incidents, this story of the siege of Detroit will be read until it is ragged, and borrowed until the binding is broken."—*Boston Herald.* Illustrated by James MacDonald. (Ages 12-15) $2.00

TENNESSEE OUTPOST
By Ivy Bolton

A lively story of courage and patriotism laid in Tennessee in the early days when the Spaniards were determined to keep the settlers away from the Mississippi. Illustrated by Louise Mansfield. (Ages 12-16) $2.00

THE GULL-FLIGHT SAILS AGAIN
By Sidney Corbett

The story of a cruise to the West Indies to find and rescue a stranded Spanish grandeé on the mystery island of Huys-en-Pay. "Young readers will enjoy the rapid succession of exciting events."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated by Bernard Westmacott. (Ages 12-16) $2.00

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD
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This really fine translation of the *Cid* brings the greatest monument of Old Spanish literature direct to the American reading public. "Children will delight in this book."—*The Living Church.* Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. (All ages) $2.00

WASHINGTON and the LAFAYETTES
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The dramatic, true story of Lafayette's son who escaped from the French Revolution and came to America where he became a protegé of Washington. A colorful account of an extremely interesting period in our history. Illustrated by W. M. Berger. (All ages) $2.50

BRIGHT HERITAGE
By Mary V. Provines

"Here is a shining example of an unusually absorbing and satisfactory vocational story that is sure to please boys and girls of high school age."—*Boston Herald.* Decorations by Sherman C. Hoeflich. $2.00

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 22*)

always amusing Peggy Bacon, and "Sue Barton, Rural Nurse," by Helen Dore Boylston, the fourth of a popular series. If she keeps on, Sue Barton will have to be head of a Medical Center soon.

THE UGLY DUCKLING. Adapted from Hans Anderson by Walt Disney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1939. $2.
PINOCCHIO. Version by Walt Disney. New York: Random House. 1939. $1.
A PINT OF JUDGMENT. By Elizabeth Morrow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 50 cents.
ALEXANDER THE GANDER. By Tasha Tudor. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 75 cents.
SUSIE MARIAR. By Lois Lenski. New York. Oxford University Press. 1939. $1.
LITTLE TOOT. By Hardie Gramatky. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $1.50.
FAIR PLAY. By Munro Leaf. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. $1.50.
TOWN. By Clement Hurd. New York: William R. Scott. 1939. $1.25.
COUNTRY. By Clement Hurd. New York: William R. Scott. 1939. $1.25.
THE NOISY BOOK. By M. W. Brown. New York: William R. Scott. 1939. $1.
THE WORLD IS ROUND. By Gertrude Stein. New York: William R. Scott. 1939. $2.50.
PRINCESS SEPTEMBER AND THE NIGHTINGALE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. $2.50.
FRIENDLY LITTLE JONATHAN. By Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. $1.
KOKWA. By Theresa Kalab. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 1939. $1.50.
THE YOUNGEST CAMEL. By Kay Boyle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.
COWHAND GOES TO TOWN. By Phil Stong. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. $2.
NOT REALLY! By Lesley Frost. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1939. $1.75.
THE MYSTERY AT EAST HATCHETT. By Peggy Bacon. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $2.
SUE BARTON, RURAL NURSE. By Helen Dore Blylston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.

Biographies for Boys and Girls

By Katharine Ulrich

Three story-biographies among the varied, attractive, and newly published books for older boys and girls have such distinction and vitality that I feel sure that they will not only seize and hold the attention of their fortunate readers, but that they may well outrun fiction this year in popular favor.

In "Daniel Boone" James Daugherty has found a worthy subject for his restless, zestful talent, and one which he loves and understands with rare intensity. He tells the story of Boone and his times in tangy, eloquent prose. This canniest backwoodsman of them all, hunter, fighter, no-good farmer, becomes sturdy flesh and blood. Here is something real and authentic, touched with the splendor and loneliness of the vast American wilderness. Here is a feast of good red meat for young imaginations.

"Columbus Sails" is another brilliant example of words and picture wizardry. The young English artist, C. Walter Hodges, in this, his first book, boldly and dramatically brings to life the Great Columbus. This saga of a magnificent adventure is a skillfully constructed story. It is told by three men, a monk, a sailor who shared the hazards and triumphs of the leader, and lastly by one of the first captive Indians who returned to Spain with Columbus.

"Runner of the Mountain Top," the Life of Louis Agassiz, by Mabel L. Robinson, shares with the other two books that magical quality—the author's own contagious enthusiasm for her subject. It is a vivid portrait of a gifted, dynamic personality who was also a Doctor of Medicine, a scientific genius, and a great teacher. Boys and girls, especially those who sense the endless excitement in the wonders of nature, will find in the reading of this book a rich and rewarding experience.

DANIEL BOONE. Written and illustrated by James Daugherty. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $2.50.
COLUMBUS SAILS. By C. Walter Hodges. With illustrations by the author. New York: Coward McCann. 1939. $2.75.
RUNNER OF THE MOUNTAIN TOPS. By Mabel L. Robinson. New York: Random House. 1939. $3.

Knowledge in Story Form

By Zoe C. Durrell

Many children's books this season are so full of sugar-coated knowledge that it is hard to write about them without having them sound like textbooks. They are far from that, yet no child this year has an excuse for not being wise.

Sybil Deucher and Opal Wheeler, that invaluable pair, have written a story of Millet ("Millet Tilled the Soil", Dutton: $2.50) that should charm anyone from eight years up. It begins when the painter was a little boy making charcoal sketches beside a cottage hearth, and carries him tnrough his training, eventually, after many hardships, to Barbizon. The reason for Millet's love of the countryside and its people becomes clear, and the paintings seem to unfold as a natural complement to the man's life. Dorothy Bayley has illustrated the book with lovely and touching pictures, and the reproductions of many of Millet's masterpieces will delight the entire family.

New England has many legends, and Lois Lenski takes one with a factual foundation as a basis for "Ocean-Born Mary" (Stokes: $2.). Shortly after Mary was born on the high seas in 1720, the ship was captured by pirates. The pirate captain permitted the passengers and ship to go free under the condition that the baby be called Mary for his wife. Mary and her family settle in New Hampshire, and it is on a visit to Portsmouth when she is

(*Continued on page 28*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 294)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
KING JOHN

Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest.
. . . . . .
This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
. . . . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

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Books to Place beneath the Christmas tree!

New books for youngest children - -

FIVE BEARS AND MIRANDA

by Henry Beston

A jolly imaginative story about a family of shipwrecked bears! Amusing pictures in color by Frank Dobias. *(Ages 6-8)* $2.00

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

by Berta and Elmer Hader

How a little chick who was born in a duck's nest searches for a new home. Pictures in color, and black and white on every page. *(Ages 4-6)* $2.00

THE LUCKY LLAMA

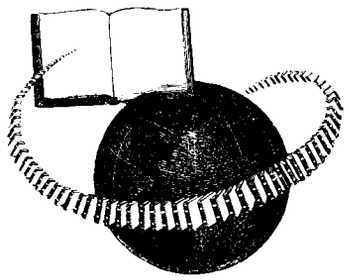
by Alice C. Desmond

The exciting adventures of a little white llama and a small shepherd boy, in picturesque Peru. Many illustrations by Wilfrid Bronson. *(Ages 6-8)* $1.50

TOLD UNDER THE MAGIC UMBRELLA

by The Association for Childhood Education

Over thirty modern imaginative stories by well-known authors, selected because they are favorites of boys and girls. Charming pictures by Elizabeth Orton Jones. *(Ages 4-6)* $2.00



Books Around the World

A collection of fifty books will take boys and girls on an exciting trip around the world. They will make new friends, and learn how children live in France, Egypt, China, and other faraway places.

(Send for the attractive Books Around the World circular for information.)

Young People's Library

A collection of nineteen books of fiction for older boys and girls, formerly priced $2.50, $2.00, and $1.75, are now available at the new low price of one dollar. They include historical fiction, books in modern settings, books with foreign scene, and ones with American background—all by famous authors and artists.

(Ask your bookseller to show you this group. A descriptive circular will be sent upon request.)

New books for older boys and girls - -

TOPLOFTY

by Fjeril Hess

The good times and interesting activities of a group of the older Girl Scouts in their city clubrooms. Illustrated by Ruth King. *(Ages 12-16)* $2.00

ALL OVER TOWN

by Carol Ryrie Brink

The good-natured pranks of a minister's two lively sons and their tomboy playmate, Ardeth! Humorous drawings by Dorothy Bayley. *(Ages 10-14)* $2.00

MACHINES AND THE MEN WHO MADE THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY

by Gertrude Hartman

The story of the Industrial Revolution and about the great inventors and their contributions to the world. Illustrated with old prints and photographs. *(Ages 10-14)* $2.50

KENTUCKY CARGO

by Allan Dwight

A colorful pioneer story about two young men who fought the strange plot to make Kentucky an independent nation in 1795. Illustrated by Harvé Stein. *(Ages 12-16)* $2.00

THE LITTLE MERMAID

Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop

A new edition of the favorite Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. Dorothy Lathrop's exquisite full page pictures in four colors, and black and white reveal the startling beauty of the little mermaid and the undersea life. *(Ages 8-12)* $2.50

BLACK, BAY AND CHESTNUT

by C. W. Anderson

An ideal book for horse lovers of every age. Unusual stories, and full-page lithograph portraits of famous horses by a noted author-artist. You'll find all of your favorites of turf and field,—such as Man o' War, Seabiscuit, Equipoise. *(Send for descriptive circular)* $2.50

The Macmillan Company - 60 Fifth Avenue - New York

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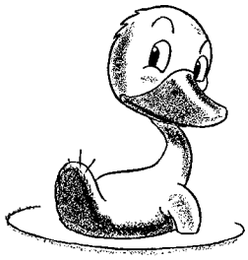
NEW BOOKS for Young People



WALT DISNEY'S THE UGLY DUCKLING

All America is laughing at Walt Disney's new motion picture. Here's a book for children that is based on the same story. Lots of delightful Disney illustrations in color. Only $1.

MAKE WAY FOR THE MAIL

By John J. Floherty. All the thrills of a fast-moving adventure story in this exciting true history of the United States Mail. Many photographs by the author. $2.00.

SCAMPY, THE LITTLE BLACK COCKER

By Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu. Every child will adore this lovable little puppy dog that decides to go out into the world and see life for himself. Marguerite Kirmse's drawings are worth a book in themselves! $1.50.

ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE WOODEN HORSE

By Ursula Moray Williams. Says the London Sunday Times: ". . . worthy to stand beside Hans Andersen's toy soldier." Frontispiece in color, and many illustrations. $1.50.

WHERE DID YOUR GARDEN GROW?

By Jannette May Lucas. Where our garden flowers originally came from, and how they got into our gardens. Illustrated maps in full color by Helene Carter. $2.00.

OSA JOHNSON'S JUNGLE FRIENDS

By Mrs. Martin Johnson. Never was there such an animal book as this one by Mrs. Martin Johnson, who with her famous husband, has explored many wild tropical regions. Over 50 photographs. $2.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
KONGO, THE ELEPHANT: *E. Cadwallader Smith* (Knopf: $2.)	5-8 Both	The baby elephant, Kongo, grows up to become king of the herd.	Good jungle tale
BEFORE THINGS HAPPEN: *Dorothy Aldis* (Putnam: $1.50)	4-9 Both	Poems that touch on all phases of a child's world with rare understanding. Nice illustrations by Margaret Freeman.	Gay and imaginative
OH SUSANNAH *R. and R. Holberg* (Doubleday: $1.50)	7-10 Girls	In 1870 Milwaukee was frontier country, and Susannah found visiting great-grandfather's farm in Vermont very different.	Good American story
TERRENCE O'HARA *Thomas Burns* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	7-10 Both	The old cow danced to the tune of Terrence's tin whistle instead of trampling the Fairy Queen's toadstools. Reginald Birch's pictures carry out the mood.	Nice Irish fairy tale
MATEO AND LOLITA *Durfee and McMorris* (Houghton Mifflin: $1.25)	6-8 Both	The life story of two Mexican children told with the help of photographs. A painless way of administering geography.	Excellent for the purpose
CURTAIN CALLS for Joseph Haydn and Sebastian Bach *Wheeler and Deucher* (Dutton: $2.)	6-16 Both	Two charming plays rich with dramatic scenes from the lives of Bach and Haydn. Good stage material with plenty of music; interesting reading too.	Musical history made jolly
BARNEY OF THE NORTH *M. S. and H. L. Johnson* (Harcourt, Brace: $1.75)	7-10 Both	A lost Newfoundland puppy finds friends and grows into a brave dog. Beautiful pictures by the authors make Barney and his story very appealing.	Delightful dog story
WHITE BUFFALO *Lyla Hoffine* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	8-12 Boys	An exciting frontier story, skillfully woven around the records of the first fur-trading expedition of 1807.	Excellent
PAULA *Marguerite Vance* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	8-11 Girls	Affectionate tale of a happy childhood in a mill town of the nineties. Paula's father was the horse-and-buggy doctor.	Charming
FARTHEST WEST *Laura Adams Armer* (Longmans: $2.50)	8-12 Both	A group of school children in an effort to save the giant redwoods. Admirable moral, but story lacks conviction.	Skip this one
THE MYSTERY OF DOG FLIP *Therese Lenotre* (Stokes: $1.75)	8-12 Both	The remarkable "lost and found" adventure of Flip, an elegant Maltese terrier. The story has that rare and delightful quality of reasonable absurdity.	Lots of fun for the whole family
GOLDEN GATE *Valenti Angelo* (Viking: $2.)	8-12 Both	This book continues the story of Nino and tells how he came with his mother and grandfather from Tuscany to join his father in California. A book of genuine quality and charm.	Outstanding
JOCK BAREFOOT *Maud Lindsay* (Lothrop: $1.50)	8-10 Both	Jock disappears when the old Laird scolds him, and the whole village tries to find him.	Imaginative
ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE WOODEN HORSE: *U. M. Williams* (Lippincott: $1.50)	8-11 Both	The brave and lovable little wooden horse goes into the world to seek his fortune to help the old toymaker.	Delightful but rather long
THE CURIOUS LOBSTER'S ISLAND *Richard W. Hatch* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	8-12 Both	The return of those irresistible heroes, Mr. Lobster, Mr. Badger, and Mr. Bear, who this time discover an island.	Amusing for everyone
QUETZAL QUEST *Von Hagen and Hawkins* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	8-10 Both	An Indian boy in Honduras helps two American naturalists find the rare green-tailed quetzal bird.	Dull reading
GOING-ON-NINE *Amy Wentworth Stone* (Lothrop: $2.)	8-10 Girls	Abby, a lovable little girl of fifty years ago, found life so enthralling at eight that she didn't want to grow up.	Pleasant
DHAN OF THE PEARL COUNTRY: *Phyllis Ayer Sowers* (Whitman: $2.)	8-12 Both	The search for a stolen pearl by Dhan and his sister Mayna. Lots about pearl diving and Ceylon too.	Will help Geography along
WIGGINS FOR PRESIDENT *Walter R. Brooks* (Knopf: $2.)	8-12 Both	A farm left in charge of its animals holds an election with Mrs. Wiggins, the cow, running for president of the First Animal Republic.	Barnyard fun

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Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
ALL OVER TOWN *Carol Ryrie Brink* (Macmillan: $2.)	8-12 Both	The minister's small sons were really good at heart but managed to keep the town agog.	Lively and amusing
TWO SAILORS AND THEIR VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN *Warwick M. Tompkins* (Viking: $2.50)	8-12 Both	The story of the trip of Commander Tompkins's two children in a sailing vessel around South America, their life on shipboard, and what and how they learned.	Remarkably good
OSA JOHNSON'S JUNGLE FRIENDS *Mrs. Martin Johnson* (Lippincott: $2.)	Young Children Both	The interesting animal personalities met by Mrs. Johnson in her travels.	Pleasant and interesting.
AROUND THE WORLD WITH BOBBY AND BETTY: *Carveth Wells* (McBride: $2.)	8-10 Both	In the Bobby and Betty Series. Two children learn at first hand about the natural history, geography, and peoples of the world.	Breezy and pleasant
HOW WE GET OUR FOOD: *E. K. Howard* (Harcourt, Brace: $1.25)	8-10 Both	Milk, meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, poultry, etc. How we grow and get them from the farm to our mouths.	Pretty dull
A BOY OF SALEM *Mildred Buchanan Flagg* (Nelson: $1.)	8-10 Both	Many hardships and adventures as well as a new home await Timothy when he lands in Salem in 1629.	Convincing history
TALL TIMBER TALES *Dell J. McCormick* (Caxton: $2.)	8-10 Both	Some welcome additions to the legends of the great lumber-jack and Babe, the Blue Ox.	Good whoppers
THE FIRE FIGHTER *Henry B. Lent* (Macmillan: $1.50)	8-10 Boys	An account of a trip to a fire on board the new New York Fireboat *Fire Fight.*	Rather flimsy
CAMPING DOWN AT HIGHGATE *Hildreth Tyler Wriston* (Doubleday: $2.)	8-12 Both	Emily and her family spend two glorious weeks camping in Vermont with real tents and lots of fun.	Agreeable
TURGUT LIVES IN TURKEY: *N. N. Ege* (Longmans: $1.50)	8-12 Both	A great friendship between Turgut and Sami leads to adventures with modern Turkey as a background.	Accurate but overloaded
THE MAGICAL JUMPING BEANS *E. H. Wilson* (Dutton: $1.50)	8-12 Both	Betto ties his magic beans around his waist and jumps into the past. Exciting adventure and good Mexican history.	Clever fantasy
RUNAWAY PRENTICE *Edith Partow* (Viking: $2.)	9-14 Both	Colorful Newburyport in 1800 and some of its extraordinary characters have a lively interest in young runaway Jeff.	Good story, plus
THE CHISEL-TOOTH TRIBE: *W. S. Bronson* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	9-14 Both	Inside glimpses into the lives of such animals as squirrels, mice, rabbits, etc. Pictures by the author are interesting.	Science made simple
PRINCESS OF YUCATAN: *Alice Alison Lide* (Longmans: $1.50)	9-13 Girls	Nakah, a slave girl who is really a princess, finds a great treasure and frees her people from the Mayas.	Colorful and exciting
THE FAMILY FROM ONE END STREET *Eve Garnett* (Vanguard: $2.)	9-13 Both	Diverting happenings in the large and unpredictable Ruggles family.	Entertaining
WHERE DID YOUR GARDEN GROW? *Jannette May Lucas* (Lippincott: $2.)	9-14 Both	Traces familiar flowers to their original habitat by means of maps, history, and interesting text. Fascinating colored maps by Helene Carter.	Makes flowers exciting
MACHINES AND THE MEN WHO MADE THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY *Gertrude Hartman* (Macmillan: $2.50)	10-14 Boys	A youth's eye view of industrial development. More about the effect of machines than the machines themselves.	Sound but heavy
HOW TO PLAY SIX MAN FOOTBALL *Ralph Henry Barbour and La Mar Sarra* (Appleton-Century: $1.50)	12 up Boys	The recently developed game which brings real football within reach of schools and clubs too small for eleven-man teams. The game is not a child's game but a sound modification of the parent sport.	Good and unique handbook

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN READ?

By Laura E. Richards

In her inimitable style Mrs. Richards discusses the type of books children should read. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. $1.00

Reading for Young People

THE LAST QUARTER

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Despite tremendous handicaps Coach Davidson guides his high school eleven through a successful season. Illustrated by Edwin Earle. $2.00

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Issue

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK

Stories of Daring and Danger
Edited by
Franklin K. Mathiews

Stories of the sea, flying the mail, etc., that inspire the Scout motto, "Be Prepared." Introduction by James E. West. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. $2.00

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CAR

By Maristan Chapman

The Glen Hazard girls are at their best in this story crammed with suspense, excitement and humor. Illustrated by Alice Caddy. $2.00

THE MYSTERY AT LINDEN HALL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Mysterious happenings at a girls' boarding school in Bordentown, New Jersey, 100 years ago. Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee. $2.00

MARCIA'S FARMHOUSE

By Margaret Widdemer

A young orphan girl makes her way alone in the world. Enjoyable reading for all girls. Illustrated by Ruth King. $2.00

THE MICROBE MAN

A Life of Pasteur for Young People
By Eleanor Doorly

A full-length biography, written in a way that makes it easy for children to understand Pasteur's great work. Woodcuts by Robert Gibbings. $1.50

At All Booksellers

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York

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The Children's Bookshop

(Continued from page 24)

twelve years old that Mary re-encounters her pirate. There is enough intrigue to keep the story lively, and enough of contemporary life to make it interesting.

"Pigeon House Inn" by Sybil Emerson (Crowell: $2.) takes us to France. The author is an artist, and it is hard to choose between her charming and observant drawings and her pleasant story. Jaques and Pierre spend the summer on the coast of Normandy, and while there they discover and solve the mystery of the old Pigeon House. They have many jolly adventures, most of which are cleverly planned by the author to give glimpses into life in Normandy. For eight- to twelve-year-olds.

MILLET TILLED THE SOIL. By Sybil Deucher and Opal Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $2.50.

OCEAN-BORN MARY. By Lois Lenski. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1939. $2.

PIGEON HOUSE INN. By Sybil Emerson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1939. $2.

Horn Book

A magazine all about books and reading for the young fry—a perfect companion for the "Saturday Review."

CONTENTS—CHRISTMAS ISSUE

PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD, Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, has written a most unusual and "useable" **Christmas Play.** The setting is Glastonbury, A.D. 90. For boys and girls of 10 up to any age.

A 20-PAGE illustrated book review section—an indispensable guide for the purchasing of children's books.

LOOKING AT BOOKS—a poem **by John Holmes.**

FATHER JOINS THE FAMILY—a sparkling paper about Fathers—and the lack of them—in children's books. **By Dorothy Dohm,** Children's Librarian, Ellensburg, Washington.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE GROWS UP—Kenneth Gould, author of **Windows on the World,** contributes this special paper.

PEOPLE, PLOTS AND PONIES—an article by the young authors of **The Far-Distant Oxus** with pictures of Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock.

50 cents a single copy. $1.00 for trial subscription of 3 issues. $2.50 by the year.

HORN BOOK, 264 Boylston St., Boston

Winner of CARNEGIE MEDAL

CIRCUS SHOES

By Noel Streatfeild

"Even more lively and entertaining than *Ballet Shoes* and *Tennis Shoes*."—HORN BOOK. "A thumping good circus story . . . this book will entertain the family."—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. *Illustrated by Richard Floethe.* $2.

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
SEA-BIRD ISLAND *Vera Andrus* (Harcourt, Brace: $1.75)	10-14 Both	A simple, pleasant tale of the bird-cliffs of Bonaventure Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.	Well written
HEROES, OUTLAWS AND FUNNYFELLOWS *Olive Beaupré Miller* (Doubleday: $2.50)	Up to 14 Both	Tales of such American folk-characters as Paul Bunyan, John Henry, Pecos Bill, Joaquin Murieta, Johnny Appleseed, Mike Fink, and some witches.	Very uneven
THE BOOK OF AMERICAN FIGHTING SHIPS: *Joseph Leeming* (Harpers: $2.50)	10 and up Boys	The romance of American naval engagements told in terms of its ships and heroes. Inaccurate and based upon faulty source material.	A good idea badly done
THE DARK HORSE *Will James* (Scribner's: $2.50)	10 and up Both	Better let Cowboy James tell you about two very different thoroughbreds. Full-length horse portraits with ranch life, rodeo, and a big race.	Not to be missed
CIRCUS SHOES *Noel Streatfeild* (Random: $2.)	10-14 Both	Peter and Santa, two young orphans, find their Uncle Gus and the endlessly fascinating, yet hard-working circus world to which he belongs.	Delightful story very well told
SWORDFISHERMAN JIM *Josef Berger* (Little, Brown: $3.)	10-16 Boys	How a boy who wouldn't be a landlubber earned his salt on a fishing schooner off the Grand Banks. A good story not very well written.	Exciting for boys
THE EAGLE'S QUEST *Charlotte Lederer* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	12-16 Girls	Story of Giorgio, son of the exiled King of Hungary, and the courageous Polish girl, Lodaska, who aided him in a brave attempt to free his country.	Exciting and valiant
MAKE WAY FOR THE MAIL: *J. J. Floherty* (Lippincott: $2.)	12-14 Boys	The history and activity, methods of operation and relationship to the people of the nation's postal service.	Excellent if not thrilling
GO AND FIND THE WIND: *Erick Berry* (Oxford: $2.)	12-16 Both	The adventures of a 16-year old boy, son of a family of ship-builders—during the gold rush and later.	Good story
TEMBO THE FOREST GIANT: *W. J. Wilwerding* (Macmillan: $2.)	12-16 Both	The exciting career of an outlaw elephant whose story the author heard in Africa.	Serious jungle story
YOUNG MR. STONE, BOOK PUBLISHER *Daniel Melcher* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	High-school Age Both	Two boys and a girl ran the school paper. They were all headed for book publishing jobs, and got there, too, in a book cram full of meaty considerations of the angles of that profession.	Must for would-be inner sanctumites
OUR COUNTRY'S MONEY *Frederic Majer* (Crowell: $2.)	12-14 Boys	The history and meaning of money (not just American money). What it is and how our money in particular is made, used, and protected.	Pompous but thorough
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES *Margery Bianco* (Viking: $2.)	12-15 Girls	Alone in New York and determined to make a living, seventeen-year-old Dale tackles whatever jobs are available. Her experiences are fresh and real.	A good modern novel
COURAGEOUS LIVES *Amabel Williams-Ellis* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	12-16 Both	Informal, ably sketched biographies of "nine good citizens," English men and women, who contributed to the thinking and standards of the world.	Useful and interesting
THE BOOK OF FAIRS *Helen Augur* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50)	Older Children Both	The history of fairs and the idea behind them.	Idea seems quite dead
HERE COMES THE MAIL: *Robert Disraeli* (Little, Brown: $1.25)	Older Boys	The history and activity of the Post Office department with more emphasis on the latter.	Adequate but not lively
THE DAWN HILL BRAND *M. I. Ross* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	12-15 Both	Life on an Australian dude ranch, made unpleasant by a revolting American boy.	Only middling
HOW THEY MAKE A MOTION PICTURE *Hoadley and Freulich* (Crowell: $2.)	Older Boys and Girls	A detailed narrative of the workings of Hollywood, profusely illustrated.	Undistinguished but thorough

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OUR always admired World Correspondent Mr. W. S. Hall is back from his annual trip selling U. S. books in the Far East. He gives a graphic account of Shanghai when the European War began, but was most concerned over the pirating there of American books. He has brought back a dozen or so of the piracies to use as Xmas presents. The pirated best seller in Shanghai is Gunther's *Inside Asia,* with *Mein Kampf* close behind. ☞It is interesting to hear that Hitler's book arrives in Japan intact, but Mr. Gunther's book suffers various excisions. ☞We always learn more from Mr. Hall's shrewd and humane bulletins than from almost any other student of world farrago; he knows more about the way people actually live and why than quite a number of Keyserlings and Spenglers. ☞In Japan he was pleased that the army demands for wool had sent the Japanese flapper back to silk kimonos; a friend was wearing a fedora hat made of spun glass; orange juice unobtainable. He evidently asked for Scotch Whiskey, for he mentions its high cost; but Virginia-tasting cigarettes at one-fifth our prices. ☞While Old Pantheist Quercus was laid abed with a sciatica, limp as lettuce and fearing to move a muscle for the twanging of his nerves, he took a notion to reread Emerson's *The American Scholar.* ☞How annoyed he was to hear that brash young sciolist (age 34) remarking "I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake." ☞It is possible, said Old Q. to himself, that there are more apothegms in Emerson that look like truth and won't stand up to the corrosion of daily living, than in any other esteemed magistrate? ☞That is one of the pleasures, perhaps the only pleasure, of senility (or even anility), that you are no longer anaesthetized by Name and Fame. ☞Walt Whitman, by the way, seems to grow wiser and more ecumenical right along; and we have been struck by the frequency of allusion to him in present journalism. ☞The six $100 prizes awarded annually by *Poetry* of Chicago for work printed in its pages have been given to E. E. Cummings, Stephen Spender, Maxwell Bodenheim, John Malcolm Brinnin, H. B. Mallalieu, and Malcolm Cowley.

☞Old Q. was glad His Honor Judge Lynch (in last week's *S. R. L.*) gave special attention to that malapert red herring on the mystery shelf, *The Spider Strikes,* by Michael Innes. It is the kind of crime yarn De Quincey might write and Santayana read; it is verbose, witty, and for the sharpset reader, fed to the muzzle with factory-production detections, most pungent iodine. ☞We've read only 150 pp. so far, with an obbligato of cackles, but enough to nominate it for this year's Prix Gaga, with double palms. If you have a taste for scholarly kidding, this is it. For the Tired Academician, not for the Tired Business Man. ☞But does Will Cuppy, reviewing same in *Herald-Trib.,* really believe that *eschatology* is "the science of spiders"? ☞Louella D. Everett is Public Friend No. 1 in the matter of Familiar Quotations and co-editor of the latest edition of *Bartlett.* Miss Everett has put the fruit of her many years experience with the verse everyone wants into an anthology of some 800 poems, *The Book of Home and Holiday Verse* (Halcyon House).

☞There will scarcely be this year a more remarkable volume of poetry than *Rejoice in the Lamb*—which runs from ejaculations of Blakelike splendor to the tragic and laughable pathos of the booby-hatch. This is a newly revealed MS. by Christopher Smart, the 18th century genius who wrote the noble *Song to David* and was one of the great lunatics of English literature. Edited by W. Force Stead and published by Holt, this strange book should only be shown to genuine lovers of poetry.

☞We are always interested by allusions to Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History,* vols. 4, 5 and 6 of which have just been published by the Oxford University Press. The *New Republic* is quoted as having said Toynbee's work is as important in history as Einstein's in physics. As to this, we feel no right to an opinion. The volumes are sold in batches of three; $17.50 for the first triad and $23 for the second. ☞When a learned Scot

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STARS SPELL DEATH *Jonathan Stagge* (Crime Club: $2.)	Almost forgotten relative of rural (mid-west?) medico causes him endless trouble including sundry violent deaths. Insp. Cobb rescues him.	Maximum of mystification per chapter, from amazing auto smash at start to thunderous roar that finally foils wily international malefactors.	Well worth reading
KNOCK, MURDERER, KNOCK *Harriet Rutland* (Harrison-Hilton: $2.)	English "hydro" terrorized by triple murderer. Local Insp. puzzled, but deceptive "amateur" sleuth puts him on proper track.	Solution made especially difficult by apparent un-relation of crimes. Chorus of crotchety Britishers supplements main characters.	Exceptional
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spent the week-end with us at the Fantods we observed the first serious economic impact of the War of Nerves. Buying Caledonian kippers for our guest's Sunday breakfast, we found they had appreciated 10 cents a can. ☞A reasonable and sympathetic deflation of the legend that Mark Twain was henpecked into artistic nullity is performed by DeLancey Ferguson in *The Case for Mark Twain's Wife,* reprinted from the latest issue of the *University of Toronto Quarterly.* ☞ The second All-Nations Prize for a novel has been won by a young British army officer now on active service, Major Robert Henriques. His book, *No Arms, No Armour,* will be published in January by Farrar & Rinehart. ☞ We look forward to hearing from *Books Abroad* (Norman, Okla.) what nominations they received in answer to their inquiry last summer. They asked "Which is the most distinguished book or group of books from one writer that has appeared anywhere in the world since November, 1918?"

☞Those wishing to give French books for Christmas should shop early, and note that the address of the United French Publishers (J. J. Champenois) is now P. O. Box 8, Station D, N .Y. C. ☞Pierre Berès, French bookseller at 8 East 54, offers a remarkable and mostly unpublished MS correspondence from Lamartine to his niece (1842-1854), which is said to contain much matter of political interest. This would be a handsome Christmas present ($825) for a university library.

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15-G	■	16-S	17-T	18-E	19-P	20-G	21-D	22-V	■	23-V	24-F	25-O	■	26-Q	27-T	28-R
29-L	30-A	31-U	32-H	33-Y	34-N	■	35-L	36-R	37-Z	38-T	39-K	40-M	41-P	42-C	43-W	44-J
45-Y	■	46-V	47-L	48-Y	49-H	50-U	51-L	52-F	53-E	54-M	■	55-Y	56-D	57-Z	58-C	59-O
■	60-Q	61-I	■	62-O	63-B	64-F	65-E	■	66-I	67-G	68-A	■	69-A	70-R	71-Q	72-W
73-X	74-Y	75-M	76-H	77-B	78-V	79-S	80-T	■	81-C	■	82-B	83-A	84-J	85-O	86-I	87-P
■	88-D	89-N	■	90-S	91-A	92-I	93-B	94-V	■	95-I	96-O	■	97-G	98-N	■	99-P
100-H	101-G	102-W	■	103-R	104-I	■	105-P	106-K	107-A	108-C	109-J	110-R	111-U	112-Z	113-L	114-N
115-E	116-D	117-F	■	118-J	119-K	120-H	121-M	122-Q	123-U	■	124-O	125-I	■	126-Z	127-I	128-F
■	129-X	130-L	131-E	132-Q	133-C	134-Z	■	135-C	136-Z	■	137-I	138-B	139-Q	■	140-W	141-J
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■	170-S	171-N	172-M	173-U	174-P	175-L	■	176-C	177-H	178-K	179-J	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Lively and cheerful (colloq.)

B. Surgeon in the Trojan army.

C. Devoted to enjoyment.

D. Real, practical, material.

E. English composer of "The Planets."

F. English scientist and writer (1859-).

G. Race of giants in ancient Palestine.

H. Yet, still.

I. Founder of the Cynic school of philosophy.

J. Short and pudgy (comp.)

K. English poet (1622-95).

L. Fixed regard.

M. Set right.

N. Stupid, foolish.

O. One of the Parcae.

P. In different circumstance.

Q. American pianist and musician (1861-1908).

R. Fawning favorite.

S. Engage for service.

T. Whim, idea.

U. Friendly civility, as between nations.

V. Currents running contrary to main one.

W. Play by Shakespeare.

X. Decline, low state.

Y. Afresh.

Z. American glass artist (1849-1933).

WORDS

A.	69	83	3	107	91	68	30			
B.	77	63	82	138	6	157	93			
C.	176	108	135	133	149	14	42	152	81	58
D.	88	56	21	116	145	169				
E.	131	115	65	18	53					
F.	128	64	24	52	117					
G.	15	160	20	67	97	151	101			
H.	167	100	177	76	32	49	120			
I.	154	104	66	95	4	137	127	61	125	92	86
J.	44	84	109	179	118	141	168	7			
K.	39	119	106	12	148	178	156				
L.	35	1	29	130	51	113	165	47	175		
M.	172	40	75	121	10	161	54				
N.	34	89	143	98	114	166	171				
O.	62	25	85	96	59	124					
P.	162	147	99	9	41	174	19	105	87		
Q.	71	132	26	5	13	60	139	122	142		
R.	153	103	28	110	70	36					
S.	144	79	164	16	90	170					
T.	17	163	80	38	27	11					
U.	111	173	50	31	158	123					
V.	146	94	22	23	78	46					
W.	72	43	140	159	102	150	2				
X.	73	129	8								
Y.	74	33	55	48	45						
Z.	126	57	136	134	112	37	155				

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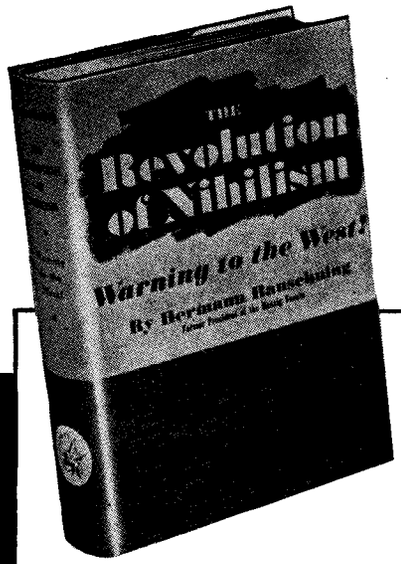

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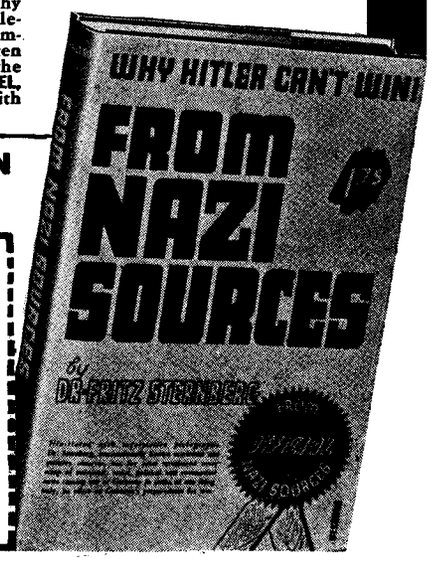

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